

THE ATHENÆUM



A JOURNAL OF
ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC
& THE DRAMA.



No. 4706 [REGISTERED AS
A NEWSPAPER.]

FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1920.

SIXPENCE.

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Appointments Vacant

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, NOTTINGHAM.
DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS.

THE COUNCIL invite APPLICATIONS for the POSITION of LECTURER in MATHEMATICS at a commencing salary of £300 per annum. Candidates to have an Honours Degree. Further particulars and forms of application, which must be returned not later than Thursday, July 22, may be obtained on application to the REGISTRAR.

KENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE.
ERITH COUNTY SCHOOL.

WANTED, for next term, three ASSISTANT MASTERS:
(1) A Master to take PHYSICAL EXERCISES and to teach some subsidiary subjects such as English or Mathematics. Applicants should be well qualified to take drill and gymnastics with boys up to 18 years of age.
(2) A Form Master to teach ENGLISH, FRENCH and MATHEMATICS, or combinations of these subjects.
(3) A Graduate to take JUNIOR CHEMISTRY with some Physics and Mathematics as subsidiary subjects; should be competent to take chemistry up to Matriculation Standard.
Salary according to the Kent County Scale plus bonus, with allowance for qualifications and experience.
Applications should be sent immediately to the Head Master, Erith County School, Belvedere, Kent.

E. SALTER DAVIES,
Director of Education.

June 28, 1920.

PLYMOUTH EDUCATION AUTHORITY.
PLYMOUTH and DEVONPORT TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

Principal: W. S. TEMPLETON, M.A., B.Sc., A.M.I.E.E.

REQUIRED in September for the Day and Evening Classes:—
(1) An ADDITIONAL LECTURER in CHEMISTRY.
(2) An ADDITIONAL LECTURER in PHYSICS.
Applicants must be Registered Teachers who are Graduates of a British University or possess an equivalent qualification. Salary scale £250 to £370. The actual commencing salary will be based upon training and experience. Last day for applications July 14, 1920. Further particulars from

E. CHANDLER COOK, Secretary.
Education Office, Cobourg Street, Plymouth, June 29, 1920.

ROYAL TECHNICAL INSTITUTE, SALFORD.
Principal: B. PRENTICE, B.Sc., Ph.D.

ASSISTANT LECTURER in the Junior Technical School for duty in September. Graduate in Science, with teaching experience in English subjects. Games and Physical training a recommendation. Forms of application, to be returned not later than July 13, may be obtained from

RICHARD MARTIN, Secretary.
Education Office, Salford.

OXFORD CITY SCHOOL OF ART.
Principal: FRANCIS G. WOOD.

APPPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT in the above School, commencing salary £200 to £250, according to experience and qualifications. Candidates must be good disciplinarians and qualified to teach some Artistic Craft; if a Lady, Needlework, Embroidery and dress decoration, Book-binding and Decoration would be special recommendations.

Applications, stating age, qualifications and experience in full, with copies of three recent testimonials and references, to be submitted not later than July 19 to the SECRETARY FOR EDUCATION, Town Hall, Oxford.

Appointments Vacant

COUNTY BOROUGH OF STOKE-ON-TRENT EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

LONGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

THE following TEACHERS are required, namely:—
1. MASTER or MISTRESS for September, to take charge of the Botany of the Advanced Course in Science and Mathematics. Candidates should be graduates of a British University with First and Second Class Honours and must have had teaching experience.
2. MISTRESS for September, to teach French to the Middle and Lower Forms of the School. Candidates should be graduates of a British University and should have acquired a knowledge of the language by residence abroad. Previous teaching experience essential.
3. ASSISTANT MASTER or MISTRESS (Graduate) required for September to take Science and Mathematics.
4. ASSISTANT MISTRESS (Graduate) for English Subjects.

Posts No. 3 and 4 are for work in the middle and lower parts of the School.

Salary according to scale in each case.

Applications should be sent in at once to Dr. Harris at the School.

DR. W. LUDFORD FREEMAN,
Director of Education.

Education Offices,
Town Hall, Hanley,
Stoke-on-Trent.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF SUNDERLAND.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES, MUSEUM AND ART GALLERY.

THE COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the POSITION of MALE ASSISTANT in the Central Library. Salary £212 10s., advancing by increments of £12 10s. to £250 per annum. Public Library experience essential, including Dewey Classification and open access methods.

Applications, stating present position and particulars of Library Association Certificates held, etc., together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials to be delivered addressed to me at my office, Town Hall, Sunderland, not later than first post on July 19, 1920, endorsed "Library Assistant."

H. CRAVEN, Town Clerk.

Town Hall, Sunderland, 1920.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF CROYDON.

THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES COMMITTEE require the service of TWO ASSISTANTS. Practical experience is essential and the possession of any certificates of the Library Association will be an additional qualification. Commencing salary £180 per annum. Applications, accompanied by not more than three recent testimonials, are to be sent to the CHIEF LIBRARIAN, The Central Library, Town Hall, Croydon, on or before July 24.

J. M. NEWMHAM, Town Clerk.

COUNTY BOROUGH OF DARLINGTON.
PUBLIC LIBRARY.

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H. G. STEAVENSON, Town Clerk.

Town Clerk's Office, Darlington.
June 20, 1920.

Appointments Vacant

DERBY MUNICIPAL SECONDARY SCHOOL FOR BOYS

A CHEMISTRY MASTER (Graduate) is required. Salary Scale £240 to £450 by annual increments of £12 10s. Experience and qualifications taken into consideration in fixing commencing salary.

Applications, together with copies of three recent testimonials, to be sent to the undersigned not later than July 10.

F. C. SMITHARD,
Education Office, Secretary,
Becket Street, Derby, Derby Education Committee.
June 28, 1920.

TAUNTON.—QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

R EQUIRED in September, SENIOR MODERN LANGUAGES MASTER and a MASTER for ELEMENTARY SCIENCE or for general subjects. Degrees necessary. Salary £180 to £400, resident.—Apply HEADMASTER.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM EDUCATION COMMITTEE.

T HE EDUCATION COMMITTEE invite APPLICATIONS for the following POSTS for the term commencing in September next:—

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ASSISTANT MISTRESS (with Special Qualifications in History).

ASSISTANT MISTRESS (with Special Qualifications in Geography).

Forms of application and copies of present scale of salaries may be obtained from the undersigned. The Scale is now under revision. At present a war bonus of £86 or £70 per annum according to salary is paid.

Applications must be sent in immediately.

P. D. INNES,
Chief Education Officer.

Education Office, Council House,
Margaret Street.

S T. MARY'S COLLEGE (ISLEWORTH).—SCIENCE MISTRESS and MATHEMATICS MISTRESS required for September next. Salary in accordance with the Middlesex Scale.—Apply immediately to HEAD MISTRESS.

BOROUGH POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE, LONDON, S.E.1., BOROUGH ROAD.

A PPLICATIONS are invited for the following APPOINTMENTS:—

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C. T. MILLIS, Principal.

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Appointments Vacant

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The present work is in fact, if not in name and form, a continuation of the same author's *Literary History of Persia* (2 vols.), previously published. In this volume the author has been able to reproduce in many cases the original Persian texts on which his translations are based.

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Cambridge Bulletin. No. XXXVI, May, 1920, giving particulars of recent publications of the University Press, will be sent on application.

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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
SCIENCE AND



LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

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(Letters and MSS. for the Editor, and Books for review, should be addressed to 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.)

GLOOM AND GROCERY

DEAN INGE has missed an opportunity. Recently the Grocers' Federation met in conclave, wholesale, retail and export, and one of the more philosophical among them had the happy thought of asking Dean Inge for a message. The Dean replied that he had the greatest respect for grocers, but he was not moved to indite any special message for them.

Would that we had been at his elbow! If there were ever a conspicuous example of national degeneration, it is the modern grocer's shop. It is become a mere depot, a base dump of indistinguishable tins. You are lucky if you find in one of these magazines of standardized supply a single generous sack of beans or rice with a tin scoop on the top. Instead of making your succulent choice between Demerara and Barbadoes, you timidly beg for sugar and think yourself lucky if you are not turned out of the shop. What modern grocer dreams of expounding the various merits of Orange Pekoe, Ikong Moning, Soochow and Darjeeling? He plumps a stupid packet of some Anglo-Saxon blend before you and hurries to the next. Where are the semicircular scales that used to descend with a sudden mysterious rush like Justice from the heavens? Where are the barrels of anchovies and olives? Where is the great drum that used to ooze forth molasses in a reluctant stream? Where are the pots of ginger and chow-chow from China, the Indian chests, the jars of tamarinds—all that made life wonderful to little boys of six? Whither is gone that courtly gentleman who used to dispense, with the generosity of the true artist, advice, and tastes to back it, while he watched, with a scarce-disguised certainty of the result, the smile of far-away beatitude spreading slowly over his customer's rapt face?

No message for Grocers! Was Dean Inge never young? Does he never visit the one or two true grocers that remain to us? Does he not know the difference between seeking teas from Twining and the Stores? Was he never thrilled by the magic of the names of those boxes that the swift and shapely clippers sped like greyhounds every spring to carry to the market of the world. What have we in their stead? The Multiplex Antiseptic Canning Corporation of Johnsonville, Pa., or some hideous cardboard picture to illustrate the effects upon unhappy children of a substitute for eggs? The grocer's shop, that once exhaled an aroma of romance and courtesy, is become the home of shams and superciliousness.

Dean Inge has evaded his responsibilities. He had a most urgent message for the Grocers: that they should put their shop in order, and be mindful of their high calling. "The word Grocers," said the seventeenth-century historian of their Company, "was a term at first distinguishing members of this Society in opposition to Inferiour Retailers." What distinguishes them now from the common herd of shopkeepers, unless it be the greater horse-power of their motor-cars?

Some grocery thieves
Turn over new leaves

Without much amending their lives or their tea.

They who should be the very Bayards among the shopkeepers are become as mechanic as their fellows. Yet their opportunities were magnificent; their lot was cast in pleasant places; they took their tribute from the whole visible world. "The grocer," said another ancient, "are plentifully blessed, for their figs and raisins may allure fair lasses." They keep their figs and their raisins hidden in things called cartons now.

THE ESCAPE

IT was his fault, wholly and solely his fault, that they had missed the train. What if the idiotic hotel people had refused to produce the bill? Wasn't that simply because he hadn't impressed upon the waiter at lunch that they must have it by two o'clock? Any other man would have sat there and refused to move until they handed it over. But no! His exquisite belief in human nature had allowed him to get up and expect one of those idiots to bring it to their room. . . And then, when the *voiture* did arrive, while they were still (Oh Heavens!) waiting for change, why hadn't he seen to the arrangement of the boxes so that they could, at least, have started the moment the money had come? Had he expected her to go outside, to stand under the awning in the heat and point with her parasol? Very amusing picture of English domestic life. Even when the driver had been told how fast he had to drive he had paid no attention whatsoever—just smiled. "Oh," she groaned, "if she'd been a driver she couldn't have stopped smiling herself at the absurd, ridiculous way he was urged to hurry." And she sat back and imitated his voice: "Alley, vite, vite"—and begged the driver's pardon for troubling him. . .

And then the station—unforgettable—with the sight of the jaunty little train shuffling away and those hideous children waving from the windows. "Oh, why am I made to bear these things? Why am I exposed to them? . . ." The glare, the flies, while they waited and he and the stationmaster put their heads together over the time-table, trying to find this other train, which, of course, they wouldn't catch. The people who'd gathered round and the woman who'd held up that baby with that awful, awful head. . . "Oh, to care as I care—to feel as I feel, and never to be saved anything—never to know for one moment what it was to . . . to . . ."

Her voice had changed. It was shaking now—crying now. She fumbled with her bag and produced from its little maw a scented handkerchief. She put up her veil and, as though she were doing it for somebody else, pitifully, as though she were saying to somebody else: "I know, my darling," she pressed the handkerchief to her eyes.

The little bag, with its shiny, silvery jaws open, lay on her lap. He could see her powder-puff, her rouge stick, a bundle of letters, a phial of tiny black pills like seeds, a broken cigarette, a mirror, white ivory tablets with lists on them that had been heavily scored through. He thought: "In Egypt she would be buried with those things."

They had left the last of the houses, those small straggling houses with bits of broken pot flung among the flower-beds and half-naked hens scratching round the doorsteps. Now they were mounting a long, steep road that wound round the hill and over into the next bay. The horses stumbled, pulling hard. Every five minutes, every two minutes the driver trailed the whip across them. His stout back was solid as wood; there were boils on his reddish neck, and he wore a new, a shining new straw hat. . .

There was a little wind, just enough wind to blow to satin the new leaves on the fruit trees, to stroke the

fine grass, to turn to silver the smoky olives—just enough wind to start in front of the carriage a whirling, twirling snatch of dust that settled on their clothes like the finest ash. When she took out her powder-puff the powder came flying over them both.

"Oh, the dust," she breathed, "the disgusting, revolting dust." And she put down her veil and lay back as if overcome.

"Why don't you put up your parasol?" he suggested. It was on the front seat; he leaned forward to hand it to her. At that she suddenly sat upright and blazed again.

"Please leave my parasol alone! I don't want my parasol! And anyone who was not utterly insensitive would know that I'm far, far too exhausted to hold up a parasol. And with a wind like this tugging at it. . . Put it down at once," she flashed, and then snatched the parasol from him, tossed it into the crumpled hood behind, and subsided, panting.

Another bend of the road, and down the hill there came a troop of little children, shrieking and giggling, little girls with sun-bleached hair, little boys in faded soldiers' caps. In their hands they carried flowers—any kind of flowers—grabbed by the head, and these they offered running beside the carriage. Lilac, faded lilac, greeny-white snowballs, one arum lily, a handful of hyacinths. They thrust the flowers and their impish faces into the carriage; one even threw into her lap a bunch of marigolds. Poor little mice! He had his hand in his trouser pocket before her. "For Heaven's sake don't give them anything. Oh, how typical of you! Horrid little monkeys! Now they'll follow us all the way. Don't encourage them; you *would* encourage beggars"; and she hurled the bunch out of the carriage with "Well, do it when I'm not there, please."

He saw the queer shock on the children's faces. They stopped running, lagged behind, and then they began to shout something, and went on shouting until the carriage had rounded yet another bend.

"Oh, how many more are there before the top of the hill is reached? The horses haven't trotted once. Surely it isn't necessary for them to walk the whole way."

"We shall be there in a minute now," he said, and took out his cigarette case. At that she turned round towards him. She clasped her hands and held them against her breast; her dark eyes looked immense, imploring, behind her veil; her nostrils quivered, she bit her lip and her head shook with a little nervous spasm. But when she spoke her voice was quite weak and very, very calm.

"I want to ask you something. I want to beg something of you," she said. "I've asked you hundreds and hundreds of times before, but you've forgotten. It's such a little thing, but if you knew what it meant to me. . . ." She pressed her hands together. "But you can't know. No human creature could know and be so cruel." And then, slowly, deliberately, gazing at him with those huge, sombre eyes: "I beg and implore you for the last time that when we are driving together you won't smoke. If you could imagine," she said, "the anguish I suffer when that smoke comes floating across my face. . . ."

"Very well," he said. "I won't. I forgot." And he put the case back.

"Oh, no," said she, and almost began to laugh, and put the back of her hand across her eyes. "You couldn't have forgotten. Not that."

The wind came, blowing stronger. They were at the top of the hill. "Hoy-yip-yip-yip," cried the driver. They swung down the road that fell into a small valley, skirted the sea coast at the bottom of it and then coiled over a gentle ridge on the other side. Now there were houses again, blue-shuttered against the heat, with bright burning gardens, with geranium carpets flung over the pinkish walls. The coast-line was dark; on the edge of the sea a white silky fringe just stirred. The carriage swung down the hill, bumped, shook. "Yi-ip," shouted the driver. She clutched the sides of the seat, she closed her eyes, and he knew she felt this was happening on purpose; this swinging and bumping, this was all done—and he was responsible for it, somehow—to spite her because she had asked if they couldn't go a little faster. But just as they reached the bottom of the valley there was one tremendous lurch. The carriage nearly overturned, and he saw her eyes blaze at him and she positively hissed, "I suppose you are enjoying this."

They went on. They reached the bottom of the valley. Suddenly she stood up. "*Cocher! Cocher! Arrêtez-vous!*" She turned round and looked into the crumpled hood behind. "I knew it," she exclaimed. "I knew it. I heard it fall and so did you at that last bump."

"What? Where?"

"My parasol. It's gone. The parasol that belonged to my mother. The parasol that I prize more than—more than . . ." She was simply beside herself. The driver turned round, his gay, broad face smiling.

"I, too, heard something," said he, simply and gaily. "But I thought as Monsieur and Madame said nothing . . ."

"There. You hear that. Then you must have heard it, too. So *that* accounts for the extraordinary smile on your face . . ."

"Look here," he said, "it can't be gone. If it fell out it will be there still. Stay where you are. I'll fetch it."

But she saw through that. Oh, how she saw through it! "No, thank you." And she bent her spiteful, smiling eyes upon him regardless of the driver. "I'll go myself. I'll walk back and find it and trust you not to follow. For"—knowing the driver did not understand, she spoke softly, gently—"if I don't escape from you for a minute I shall go mad."

She stepped out of the carriage. "My bag." He handed it to her.

"Madame prefers . . ."

But the driver had already swung down from his seat, and was seated on the parapet reading a small newspaper. The horses stood with hanging heads. It was still. The man in the carriage stretched himself out, folded his arms. He felt the sun beat on his knees. His head was sunk on his breast. "Hish, hish," sounded from the sea. The wind sighed in the valley and was quiet. He felt himself, lying there, a hollow man, a parched, withered man, a man, as it were, of ashes. And the sea sounded, "Hish, hish."

It was then that he saw the tree, that he was conscious of its presence just inside a garden gate. It was an immense tree with a round, thick silver stem and a great arc of copper leaves that gave back the light and yet were sombre. There was something beyond the tree—a whiteness, a softness, an opaque mass, half-hidden—with delicate pillars. As he looked at the tree he felt his breathing die away and he became part of the silence. It seemed to grow, it seemed to expand in the quivering heat until the great carved leaves hid the sky, and yet it was motionless. Then from within its depths or from beyond there came the sound of a woman's voice. A woman was singing. The warm untroubled voice floated upon the air, and it was all part of the silence as he was part of it. Suddenly, as the voice rose, soft, dreaming, gentle, he knew that it would come floating to him from the hidden leaves and his peace was shattered. What was happening to him? Something stirred in his breast. Something dark, something unbearable and dreadful pushed in his bosom, and like a great weed it floated, rocked . . . it was warm, stifling. He tried to struggle to tear at it, and at the same moment—all was over. Deep, deep, he sank into the silence, staring at the tree and waiting for the voice that came floating, falling, until he felt himself enfolded.

* * * *

In the shaking corridor of the train. It was night. The train rushed and roared through the dark. He held on with both hands to the brass rail. The door of their carriage was open.

"Do not disturb yourself, Monsieur. He will come in and sit down when he wants to. He likes—he likes—it is his habit . . . *Oui, Madame, je suis un peu souffrante . . . Mes nerfs.* Oh, but my husband is never so happy as when he is travelling. He likes roughing it . . . My husband . . . My husband . . ."

The voices murmured, murmured. They were never still. But so great was his heavenly happiness as he stood there he wished he might live for ever.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD

Poetry

FORTUNATE

I can defy to-morrow's law;
Never to-morrow shall say to me,
"It passed you by, you did not see"—
For I saw . . .
There was a star fell out of the night,
Fell down that tall blue precipice,
And I had time to lift my sight—
To lift my fortunate sight to this
And say, "I am not too late,
I am not too late."
Ah fortunate beyond desert,
For I was friendless, yet befriended,
Gave nothing, yet received a gift.
Ah fortunate, ah fortunate . . .
For now to-morrow cannot hurt
My heart with talk of things too swift,
With talk of magic I did miss,
For someone cried on me to lift
My eyes to the star before it ended,
Saying, "You are not too late,
You are not too late."

STELLA BENSON.

MOLECATCHER

With coat like any mole's, as soft and black,
 And hazel bows bundled beneath his arm
 And long-helved spade and rush bag on his back,
 The trapper plods alone about the farm,
 And spies new mounds in the ripe pasture-land,
 And, where the lobworms writhe up in alarm
 And easy sinks the spade, he takes his stand,
 Knowing the moles' dark highroad runs below :
 Then sharp and square he chops the turf, and day
 Gloats on the opened turnpike through the clay.
 Out from his wallet hurry pin and prong,
 And trap, and noose to tie it to the bow ;
 And then his grand arcanum, oily and strong,
 Found out by his forefather years ago
 To scent the peg and witch the moles along.
 The bow is earthed and arched ready to shoot
 And snatch the death-knot fast round the first mole
 Who comes and snuffs well pleased, and tries to root
 Past the sly nose peg ; back again is put
 The mould, and death left smirking in the hole.
 The old man goes and tallies all his snares,
 And finds the prisoners there and takes his toll.

And moles to him are only moles ; but hares
 See him afield and scarcely cease to nip
 Their dinners, for he harms not them ; he spares
 The drowning fly that of his ale would sip,
 And throws the ant the crumbs of comradeship.
 And every time he comes into his yard
 Gray linnet knows he brings the groundsel sheaf,
 And clatters round the cage to be unbarred
 And on his finger whistles twice as hard.—
 What his old Vicar says, is his belief ;
 In the side pew he sits and hears the truth,
 And never misses once to ring his bell
 On Sundays night and morn, nor once since youth
 Has heard the chimes afield, but has heard tell
 There's not a peal in England sounds so well.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

THE RACE INTO JEZREEL

Who goes heavy ? Ye with burdens to bear,
 Lacking the sense of an end for their heaviness,
 Ye that burdened you from time's beginning no less
 Than now on the homeless earth so hard to fare ?
 Hear of a man's race swift and proud
 Before the weight of the prayed-for cloud.

To pray, and the answer coming to darken the sky !
 Water to come to the aching rocky hill !
 Terrible the answer, hasty and high,
 Of the cloud increasing, driving at unknown will !—
 He ran, before God's cloud should fling
 Its black corner upon him hurrying.

But the running ! legs astream on the fire of speed,
 Cold awe in the soul, an inexpressible fear,
 And the fury of pace around it, wrapping its need
 In glorious running, feet beating clear,
 The heavenly haste that seizes a man at the last,
 Faster than chariot-horses, faster, more fast.

Who goes heavy ? who has dreamed of a storm
 Hurling him dead, as war devours, pitying never,
 Dead, the loud skies' scorn and utter fallen form ?
 Let him gather his limbs to one endeavour :
 Promise behind power hangs dark in the air—
 Run—urge breath—the cloud's clamour blows fair !

MARJORY FAUSSET.

THE PERFECT CRITIC

"Eriger en lois ses impressions personnelles, c'est le grand effort d'un homme s'il est sincère."—"Lettres à l'Amazone."

COLERIDGE was certainly the greatest of English critics, and in a sense the last. After Coleridge we have Matthew Arnold ; but Arnold—I think it will be conceded—was rather a propagandist for criticism than a critic, a popularizer rather than a creator of ideas. So long as this island remains an island (and we are no nearer the Continent than were Arnold's contemporaries) the work of Arnold will be important ; it is still a bridge across the Channel, and it will always have been good sense. Since Arnold's attempt to correct his countrymen, English criticism has followed two directions. When a distinguished critic observed recently, in a newspaper article, that "poetry is the most highly organized form of intellectual activity," we were conscious that we were reading neither Coleridge nor Arnold. Not only have the words "organized" and "activity," occurring together in this phrase, that familiar vague suggestion of the scientific vocabulary which is characteristic of modern writing, but one asked questions which Coleridge and Arnold would not have permitted one to ask. How is it, for instance, that poetry is more "highly organized" than astronomy, physics, or pure mathematics, which we imagine to be, in relation to the scientist who practises them, "intellectual activity" of a pretty highly organized type ? "Mere strings of words," our critic continues with felicity and truth, "flung like dabs of paint across a blank canvas, may awaken surprise . . . but have no significance whatever in the history of literature." The phrases by which Arnold is best known may be inadequate, they may assemble more doubts than they dispel, but they usually have some meaning. And if a phrase like "the most highly organized form of intellectual activity" is the highest organization of thought of which contemporary criticism, in a distinguished representative, is capable, then, we conclude, modern criticism is degenerate.

The verbal disease above noticed may be reserved for diagnosis by-and-by. It is not a disease from which Mr. Arthur Symons (for the quotation was, of course, not from Mr. Symons) notably suffers. Mr. Symons represents the other tendency ; he is a representative of what is always called "aesthetic criticism" or "impressionistic criticism." And it is this form of criticism which I propose to examine at once. Mr. Symons, the critical successor of Pater, and partly of Swinburne (I fancy that the phrase "sick or sorry" is the common property of all three), is the "impressionistic critic." He, if anyone, would be said to expose a sensitive and cultivated mind—cultivated, that is, by the accumulation of a considerable variety of impressions from all the arts and several languages—before an "object" ; and his criticism, if anyone's, would be said to exhibit to us, like the plate, the faithful record of the impressions, more numerous or more refined than our own, upon a mind more sensitive than our own. A record, we observe, which is also an interpretation, a translation ; for it must itself impose impressions upon us, and these impressions are as much created as transmitted by the criticism. I do not say at once that this is Mr. Symons ;

but it is the "impressionistic" critic, and the impressionistic critic is supposed to be Mr. Symons.

At hand is a volume which we may test.* Ten of these thirteen essays deal with single plays of Shakespeare, and it is therefore fair to take one of these ten as a specimen of the book:

"Antony and Cleopatra" is the most wonderful, I think, of all Shakespeare's plays . . .

and Mr. Symons reflects that Cleopatra is the most wonderful of all women:

The queen who ends the dynasty of the Ptolemies has been the star of poets, a malign star shedding baleful light, from Horace and Propertius down to Victor Hugo; and it is not to poets only . . .

What, we ask, is this for? as a page on Cleopatra, and on her possible origin in the dark lady of the sonnets, unfolds itself. And we find, gradually, that this is not an essay on a work of art or a work of intellect; but that Mr. Symons is living through the play as one might live it through in the theatre; recounting, commenting:

In her last days Cleopatra touches a certain elevation . . . she would die a thousand times, rather than live to be a mockery and a scorn in men's mouths . . . she is a woman to the last . . . so she dies . . . the play ends with a touch of grave pity . . .

Presented in this rather unfair way, torn apart like the leaves of an artichoke, the impressions of Mr. Symons come to resemble a common type of popular literary lecture, in which the stories of plays or novels are retold, the motives of the characters set forth, and the work of art therefore made easier for the beginner. But this is not Mr. Symons' reason for writing. The reason why we find a similarity between his essay and this form of education is that "Antony and Cleopatra" is a play with which we are pretty well acquainted, and of which we have, therefore, our own impressions. We can please ourselves with our own impressions of the characters and their emotions; and we do not find the impressions of another person, however sensitive, very significant. But if we can recall the time when we were ignorant of the French symbolists, and met with "The Symbolist Movement in Literature," we remember that book as an introduction to wholly new feelings, as a revelation. After we have read Verlaine and Laforgue and Rimbaud and return to Mr. Symons' book, we may find that our own impressions dissent from his. The book has not, perhaps, a permanent value for the one reader, but it has led to results of permanent importance for him.

The question is not whether Mr. Symons' impressions are "true" or "false." So far as you can isolate the "impression," the pure feeling, it is, of course, neither true nor false. The point is that you never rest at the pure feeling; you react in one of two ways, or, as I believe Mr. Symons does, in a mixture of the two ways. The moment you try to put the impressions into words, you either begin to analyse and construct, to "ériger en lois," or you begin to create something else. It is significant that Swinburne, by whose poetry Mr. Symons may at one time have been influenced, is one man in his poetry and a different man in his criticism. He is a different man in this respect, that he is satisfying a different impulse;

he is criticizing, expounding, arranging. You may say that it is not the criticism of a critic, that it is emotional, not intellectual—though of this there are two opinions; but it is in the direction of analysis and construction, a beginning to "ériger en lois," and not in the direction of creation. So I infer that Swinburne found an adequate outlet for the creative impulse in his poetry; and none of it was forced back and out through his critical prose. The style of the latter is essentially a prose style; and Mr. Symons' prose is much more like Swinburne's poetry than it is like his prose. I imagine—though here one's thought is moving in almost complete darkness—that Mr. Symons is far more disturbed, far more profoundly affected, by his reading than was Swinburne, who responded rather by a violent and immediate and comprehensive burst of admiration which may have left him internally unchanged. The disturbance in Mr. Symons is almost, but not quite, to the point of creating; the reading sometimes fecundates his emotions to produce something new which is not criticism, but is not the expulsion, the ejection, the birth of creativeness.

The type is not uncommon, although Mr. Symons is far superior to most of the type. Some writers are essentially of the type that reacts in excess of the stimulus, making something new out of the impressions, but suffer from a defect of vitality or an obscure obstruction which prevents nature from taking its course. Their sensibility alters the object, but never transforms it. Their reaction is that of the ordinary emotional person developed to an exceptional degree. For this ordinary emotional person, experiencing a work of art, has a mixed critical and creative reaction. It is made up of comment and opinion, and also new emotions which are vaguely applied to his own life. The sentimental person, in whom a work of art arouses all sorts of emotions which have nothing to do with that work of art whatever, but are accidents of personal association, is an incomplete artist. For in an artist these suggestions made by a work of art, which are purely personal, become fused with a multitude of other suggestions from multitudinous experience, and result in the production of a new object which is no longer purely personal, because it is a work of art itself.

It would be rash to speculate, and is perhaps impossible to determine, what is unfulfilled in Mr. Symons' charming verse that overflows into his critical prose. Certainly we may say that in Swinburne's verse the circuit of impression and expression is complete; and Swinburne was therefore able, in his criticism, to be more a critic than Mr. Symons. This gives us an intimation why the artist is—each within his own limitations—oftenest to be depended upon as a critic; his criticism will be criticism, and not the satisfaction of a suppressed creative wish—which, in most other persons, is apt to interfere fatally.

Before considering what the proper critical reaction of artistic sensibility is, how far criticism is "feeling" and how far "thought," and what sort of "thought" is permitted, it may be instructive to prod a little into that other temperament, so different from Mr. Symons', which issues in generalities such as that quoted near the beginning of this article.

T. S. ELIOT.

(To be continued.)

* "Studies in Elizabethan Drama." By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 12s. net.)

REVIEWS

A GREAT HISTORY

II.

THE OUTLINE OF HISTORY. By H. G. Wells. Vol. I. (Newnes, 22s. 6d. net.)

WE indicated last week the chief merits of Wells' "Outline." Now for the defects, and the first of them is a serious one. Wells' lucidity, so satisfying when applied to peoples and periods, is somehow inadequate when individuals are thrown on to the screen. The outlines are as clear as ever, but they are not the outlines of living men. He seldom has created a character who lives (Kipps and the aunt in "Tono-Bungay" are the main exceptions); and a similar failure attends his historical evocations. He has occasion in this volume to sketch about thirty eminent humans, from Akhnaton to St. Benedict, and only one of them sticks in one's mind. That one is Cato the Censor, and he is galvanized into life not so much by the author's insight as by his crossness. Cato is the type Wells cannot stand, and the result is a brilliant tirade such as might occur in the "New Machiavelli." Of course he does not intend to produce a portrait gallery, and it is well that this is not his intention, for if it were his history would fail. As it is, the eminent humans appear as diagrams, lettered at their characteristic angles; the lecturer points to the lettering and then passes on. Often no harm is done; the case becomes serious when an individual has, so to speak, to be the epitome of his age, when he is required by the historian to focus all the unhappiness or joy or hope that surrounds him. Xerxes was such an individual at Salamis, as Æschylus and Herodotus both realized. But when Wells would also achieve this most necessary effect, he makes a disagreeable rattling noise and produces a passage like this:

We can imagine something of the coming and going of messengers, the issuing of futile orders, the changes of plan, throughout the day. In the morning Xerxes had come out provided with tables to mark the most successful of the commanders for reward. In the gold of the sunset he beheld the sea power of Persia utterly scattered, sunken and destroyed, and the Greek fleet over against Salamis. . . .

Over against such a sunset the only possible comment is, "Don't do it again; it isn't your line." But he does it again. Observe how he dramatizes a sorrow even more representative than Xerxes':

We are told that a great darkness fell upon the earth and that the veil of the temple was rent in twain; but if indeed these things occurred they produced not the slightest effect upon the minds of people in Jerusalem at that time. It is difficult to believe nowadays that the order of nature indulged in any such meaningless comments. Far more tremendous is it to suppose a world apparently indifferent to those three crosses in the red evening twilight, and to the little group of perplexed and desolated watchers. The darkness closed upon the hill; the distant city set about its preparations for the Passover; scarcely anyone but that knot of mourners on their way to their homes troubled whether Jesus of Nazareth was still dying or already dead. . . .

Over against such a red twilight the only possible comment is a coloured illustration, and the publishers have provided one. There we may see the three crosses, so far more tremendous than the fantasies of Tintoretto, and we may reflect on the nemesis that attends the non-Christian who would write sympathetically of Christ. Wells' failure on Golgotha, however, is due to the same cause as his failure at Salamis. He cannot create individuals, and when he would use one to epitomize a great contemporary emotion the result is a mess. Arrangement, selection, lucidity of style, no longer assist him. He often tells us that individuals ought to merge themselves in something greater, and he has practised what he preaches, for we come away with no knowledge of the faces and hearts of his thirty dead leaders.

Thus, though his history "lives," it is in a peculiar way: by its fundamental soundness, expressed through brilliant parallels and metaphors; not by imaginative reconstructions of individual people or scenes. We see the nomads advancing into the Roman Empire like the housemaid's broom, but if Wells took one of the twigs of the broom and tried to describe its mentality he would at once become thin and sentimental. It is a history of movements, not of man. Nor is this its only weakness. As a rule the writer most admirably suppresses his personal likes and dislikes; there are none of the explosions that interrupt his fiction, and much dignity and coherence accrue. But in one direction he does break out. He has one little complaint against the past, which, try as he will, he cannot silence; he cannot pardon it for having been so ill-informed. Even in Mesozoic times ignorance is censured. He notes the uneducated tendencies of the reptiles, who might have averted extinction had they taken appropriate steps. He has, again and again, to deplore the incuriosity of Homo Sapiens, who will not study science, will not invent tippy labour-saving appliances. Man might have evolved the conditions of 1920 a thousand years earlier if only he had bucked up. The Chinese invented printing, but made no use of it owing to some mental blur. The Alexandrians had a library, but their books were shaped like pianola rolls, and consequently awkward to consult. "One thinks at once of a simple and obvious little machine by which such a roll could have been quickly wound to and fro for reference, but nothing of the sort seems to have been used." And the Romans were worst of all, ignorant of geography and economics, and not even developing the steam engine devised by Hiero; why, the legions might have rolled about in motor lorries! Irritability is better than reverence, but it does result in some absurdity and in a sort of Polytechnic glibness. Our curiosity is stimulated, our wonder never; the lecturer has no use for wonder. He doesn't know how life began, but there is nothing mysterious in its beginnings; he might know them and probably some day will, and the intertidal Palæozoic scum is no queerer than the beach at Southend; it is only less accessible to students. Compare such an attitude with that of Remy de Gourmont in his essay "Une Loi de Constance Intellectuelle." The account of early man there given may not be as learned or as brilliant as Wells', but it shows an instinctive sympathy with the difficulties of invention. The conscious kindling of fire, according to de Gourmont, was the highest mental achievement of our race, and he can strip us of our clothes and match-boxes, and set us to watch the awakened blaze, while Wells would only be annoyed that it wasn't kindled earlier. He confuses information with wisdom, like most scientists, so his judgments are sometimes very naïf, and though his intelligence is both subtle and strong, it cannot quite supply his lack of imagination.

And what is it all about, anyhow? What is the meaning of this evolution from igneous gas, through scum and Christianity, to ourselves and mustard gas? De Gourmont had his answer: "Evolution n'est pas progrès. L'évolution est un fait, et le progrès un sentiment." And Dean Inge, though he adds a proviso in favour of Hope, as a clergyman must, makes the same answer. Wells does not agree. His hand holds a lecturer's castanet, but his heart is Victorian, with a quite Tennysonian trust in the To-be. To him evolution is progress, and though a few events (e.g. the Punic wars) are condemned as purely toxic, he is on the whole inclined to give a good mark to everything that happens, on the ground that it makes the past a little more like the present. What of the present? He will tell us in Vol. II, but we may be sure that he will condone it by pointing to the future. There is no collaring these optimists. They asked for science in 1914, they got it, and in 1920 they still ask for science. Nor would one

wish to collar them, for it is only an optimist who could attempt a history of this planet. To the rest of us it is a planetful of scraps, many of which are noble and beautiful, but there seems not any proof that it progresses. "Seek no proof," says Orthodoxy, as she gazes up to heaven through the bottom of her beer mug, but Wells will not go as far as that. He has the air throughout of adducing facts, of arguing that Science will do the trick if only we have enough of her. He sees that humanity is creative. He cannot see that there may be an incurable defect in us, a poison sucked from the Palæozoic slime, that renders us incapable of putting to good use what we have created. When he approaches this problem his manner becomes episcopal, and he introduces that curious but not unfamiliar figure, his "God":

The history of our race and personal religious experience run so closely parallel as to seem to a modern observer almost the same thing; both tell of a being at first scattered and blind and utterly confused, feeling its way slowly to the serenity and salvation of an ordered and coherent purpose.

The religious experiences of Wells, like those of Mr. Britling, have been little more than a visit to a looking-glass in whose area he has seen an image of himself which imitates his gestures and endorses his deficiencies; if he feels his way to a chair, no doubt his reflection sits down too. But it is hard to see what consolation the human race can derive from this, or what parallels it can supply. It has indeed had another experience, but one that the writer despises or ignores: the experience of mysticism. The neglect of mysticism is, from the psychological point of view, the chief defect in the book, for mysticism may be selfish or erroneous, but it dwells permanently in the human mind, whispering, when least we expect it, that education, information, action, and history itself, are an illusion. It can be explained away—part of our original malaise, perhaps; but it cannot be weeded out; it is as ineradicable as death. Christ had it occasionally; by "the Kingdom of Heaven" he meant sometimes (though not always) a Kingdom in Heaven. Buddha had it often. And Wells, by pooh-poohing it, has made of his two chief characters mere spiritual and social revolutionaries. Men want to alter this planet, yet also believe that it is not worth altering and that behind it is something unalterable, and their perfect historian will be he who enters with equal sympathy into these contradictory desires.

Such are the defects of the book; but, as the previous article indicated, they are entirely outweighed by its merits. A great book—a book to buy rather than to order from the library, and consequently one or two practical remarks may be in place. Price, moderate considering. Print and paper, excellent. Binding, strong but rather clumsy; in the copy under review the pages have been gashed by the fastenings. Coloured illustrations: tolerable when they reproduce photographs, vulgar when they attempt to be "imaginative"; in the later instalments (not here reviewed) they are getting worse—there is an awful thing of the Crusades. Photographs: well selected, well reproduced—though here again there is a falling off in the later instalments, as regards number, size, clearness and appropriateness; it is to be hoped that the publishers are not going to skimp their enterprise as it proceeds. Time-charts, plans, maps, other drawings: these, by Mr. J. F. Horrabin, are admirable and invaluable; the scholar as well as the draughtsman has been at work. All the same, there should have been fewer sketches, and more photographs, of prehistoric implements, Greek vases, Indian gods, &c., because Mr. Horrabin's method tends to uniformity. And there shouldn't have been any fig-leaves: they are contrary to the whole spirit of such a book.

E. M. F.

PHILOSOPHY AND THE PLAIN MAN

KNOWLEDGE, LIFE AND REALITY: AN ESSAY IN SYSTEMATIC PHILOSOPHY. By G. T. Ladd. (New Haven, Conn., Yale University Press; London, Milford. 15s. net.)

IT is certain that government must always be of the people; it is agreed that it always should be for the people, and the only dispute is whether it either can or should be by the people. So philosophy must be about the plain man, and should ideally be intelligible to him, but it is questionable if it can or should be by him. The relation of common sense to philosophy was well put by Coleridge:

No two things, that are yet different, can be in closer harmony than the deductions of a profound philosophy and the dictates of plain common sense. Whatever tenets are obscure in the one, and requiring the greatest powers of abstraction to reconcile, are the same which are held in manifest contradiction by the common sense, and yet held and firmly believed without sacrificing A to —A or —A to A.

We are all plain men most of our lives, but as full-dress philosophers we are bound to attempt the reconciliation of contradictions. There is no value in being encyclopædic unless we have really something in this kind to say. Professor Ladd is constantly warning us against frivolity in philosophy, but solemnity itself will not carry us far. Many students of philosophy are grateful to him for their introduction to Lotze's Lectures, but the work before us ranks rather as a philosophical confession of faith than as a contribution to the subject, while there is too little documentation to make a useful handbook for students. Respect for the opinions of the plain man, even when a little sophisticated, and for those of the man of science, even when not strictly scientific, was a source of much strength and some weakness in Lotze himself, and Professor Ladd would seem to have exaggerated his old master's tendency. The way in which the "manifest contradictions of common sense" are preserved without reconciliation may be illustrated from the account of beauty:

A distinguishing characteristic of æsthetical sentiment is its peculiar objectivity . . . appreciation, of a rational and quasi-obligatory sort, of the qualities inherent in the object (p. 371).

The person who would see the object as beautiful must have aroused in himself, as subject, a species of sympathetic constructive imagination. . . From the point of view of knowledge simply—whether ordinary or scientific—the thing remains unchanged (p. 376).

There is nothing made or done by nature which, however indifferent or ugly it may appear from some points of view, may not claim to be considered positively beautiful, with some one of the various kinds of beauty, from other points of view (p. 423).

We should discover a far greater consensus of opinion, as bearing on the universal and permanent laws of æsthetical judgment, and the corresponding canons of art, if only we could compel all men to take the same point of view (p. 381).

Is there, then, no place for a book like this, the outcome of much patient sympathetic thinking and wide reading, honestly and courageously set out? There would certainly seem to be, and that not an unimportant one. By its sympathy and deference for his studies it seems admirably adapted to commend philosophy to the man of a hitherto mainly scientific culture. He will not always agree with its outspoken criticism and conclusions, but he must be conciliated by its manner and method, he must admit its reasonableness, and something will have been done towards bridging the lamentable gulf between the two worlds.

It is a pity for this purpose that the style is not more attractive; as a rule rather lifeless, it is broken by some curious anomalies: "the rather" for "rather" (*passim*), "there must be regard had," "obligate," "not only favourable to but permissible of."

E. F. C.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH

THE KINGS' TREASURES.—HAWTHORNE'S WONDER-BOOK. Edited by E. M. Wilmot Buxton. 1s. 6d. net.—PROSE AND POETRY BY SIR HENRY NEWBOLT. Selected by the Author. 1s. 9d. net.—THE WANDERINGS OF ODYSSEUS. Rendered by F. S. Marvin, R. J. G. Mayor, and F. M. Stawell. 1s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

IT is out of no discourtesy, but the other way, that, while taking for text certain volumes of the "Kings' Treasures" which Sir A. Quiller-Couch generally edits and Messrs. Dent publish, we shall make them rather, in the time-honoured phrase, "pegs" than special subjects of this article. The three volumes which are before us do not ill exhibit the catholicity of this new and extensive series of "reading-books," except that they do not at present include any of the older English classics, of which the series, according to the programme, is to contain many examples. There is no fault to find with any of the selections as wholes; for it may be hoped that Sir Henry Newbolt will take it rather as a compliment than as a cavil if we express a wish that he had put in more verse; and if some people find Hawthorne's fashion of mixing classic legends with "the great American joke" rather thorn-crackling, others may not. Nor is it in the least necessary to search out such knots in reeds as the fact that the note "'Sophomore,' an undergraduate in his second year, a word meaning what we call a wise-acre (Gk. *sophos* = wise)," does not add "and *moros* = foolish." Perhaps the annotator was afraid that some of his disciples would translate "acre" some day by "moros"; and, indeed, such are the sorrowful chances of annotation with babes and sucklings. The general prospectus of the series, however, brings us somewhat nearer to a positive text—in fact, its three first paragraph-headings, "English the standard subject," "Things New and Old," and "Annotation, Bad and Good," cover pretty nearly the whole of what is needed, except what was clearly beyond the province of the draughtsman of such a prospectus to deal with—that is to say, the object and method of the teaching itself.

Yet, as so often happens, one finds that the omitted part practically governs the discussion of what seems to come before it. You cannot, to the satisfaction of anyone who is not only, as Dr. Watts so beautifully says in the less commonly known part of his works,

Arrayed in rosy skin and decked with eyes and ears,

but also possessed of reasoning powers—you cannot decide whether English ought to be the standard subject; whether the old or the new is better; what is good or bad in annotation, till you have got some clear idea of what the chief end of education should be. "To fit the educatee for life," says, in effect, every educational expert from Plato to the Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, and we all chorus, "Hear, hear." But, unfortunately, a quite enormous number of other questions must follow in the catechism before any practical answer is reached. Is the fitting to be of a technical and "bread-study" character? Or is it to consist of the utmost possible munitioning with dates, facts, lists of "metals, semi-metals, and distinguished philosophers"? Or is it to be a sort of "readmadeasy" on the most extended scale—everything in the curriculum being made (one seems to have seen the very words used not long ago) "as easy and pleasant as possible"?

One very wide-ranging answer to the question, "How can you best fit boys and girls for the life of men and women?" one does not remember to have often seen; and that is, "By getting them as soon as possible, and as thoroughly as possible, out of the ruts of custom—by confronting them with things unfamiliar, things rather troublesome, things that require mental and, for the matter of that, in some cases bodily exertion." No doubt this is a dreadfully unorthodox answer at the present day, and it may make havoc with a great many cherished ideas, maxims,

schemes on the subject. It may even, if entertained, suggest unpleasant doubts whether English as a study ought to be the standard, the basis of education; whether very new literature is good teaching matter; and it will certainly exercise very considerable influence on the problem what kind of annotation, if any, is desirable. Nay, it will further influence, and that vitally, the objects proposed and the methods pursued in the teaching of English itself.

The first point—the "standard or basis" business—is no doubt of the highest importance; but in this particular place there is no room to discuss it. One may only suggest that when you have got a spade or a pick or a hammer ready to use, and have already learned how to use it for common purposes, it seems more in the way of common sense to dig this and that patch of fertile ground, crack this or that heap of useful stone or coal, drive pegs and nails where they will go, before taking the implements to pieces, comparing them with others of the same kind, etc. (This is not offered as a settle-the-question argument, but merely as a *fermentum cognitionis*.) As for the "old and new" dilemma, the ingenious persons who insist on "new lamps for old" seem a little to have forgotten (if, indeed, they ever knew anything itself so old-fashioned) the history and original bearing of the phrase. Whether this be so or not, it is perfectly clear that the advice to use nothing but contemporary literature in education entirely ignores, if it does not deliberately deny, the importance of familiarizing with the unfamiliar. It is needless to say that this importance is only one of the reasons for establishing acquaintance with, as far as possible, the whole range of English literature, and for inducing a somewhat thorough acquaintance with at least some period at more or less distance from the present. But once more, one can only, in such treatment as this, indicate heads and instances, without attempting exhaustive and detailed collections of argument.

"Shall there be annotation?" and if so, "What sort of annotation shall there be?" are two questions which admit of very pretty quarrelling. No sensible person who has himself tried it will deny that annotation is a very difficult business; and no experienced person who has taught largely will deny that hardly any two class-fellows require exactly the same kind of annotation. Speaking personally, the present writer would much rather use plain texts, at most provided with a biography strictly confined to facts, to save time in lecture, which could then be entirely devoted to the text itself, with *viva voce* comment on everything that requires it; subsequent discussion of a more or less tutorial kind on papers and on general points; and a most ruthless castigation of mere repetition of professorial or magisterial opinion. It need hardly be said that the revolt against annotation itself arose, to some extent excusably, because of the habit of neglecting the text altogether and getting the notes by heart.

Yet, after all, these details are somewhat, as Luther would have said, "stramineous." Granting or "masking" (whichever be preferred) the question, "What is the chief end of education generally?" let us ask ourselves the more manageable and direct one, "What should be the immediate object of the teacher of English literature?" Here the answer can come swiftly, peremptorily and without doubt or compromise: "To interest the learners in reading, and to show them how to acquire and exercise such interest." (Incidentally, this may supply a side argument against the "standard or basis" theory; but we may let that alone.) Now, putting some special and unusual competence in the learner aside, there is no way of producing this interest so sure, if indeed there is any other way at all, as the manifestation of his own interest by the teacher himself. It is this which makes extempore lectures so much more efficacious than written ones, and the continuous reading and commenting of texts above recommended so much

better than the most admirable and scholarly dissertations on things in general. The absolutely ideal literary lecture or school-hour matter would be the utterance of what the lecturer or master himself experiences when he reads some good verse or prose for the first time—a little "diluted," so to say, so as to bring it within the range of less trained organisms. The pleasure which he feels at the perfection of expression, the critical doubt at its imperfection; the slight effort of memory needed to recall allusions or facts; the more serious intellectual exertion to explain difficulties and enlighten obscurities; the further reminiscence of passages in other writers which this recalls; the recognition of idiosyncrasy and felicity in rhythm and metre and style—all this should be, as it were, extruded from the teacher's own process of thought and feeling, and thrown in spoken phantasmagoria on a screen for the audience's consideration. Of course, nobody but a specially literary archangel could do this perfectly; but as the famous saying has it, "there are degrees." It can be done, and is even less difficult than it may seem to do, in these degrees, greater and lesser; and if anybody cannot do it at all, he has no business to be a teacher of English. It is, no doubt, never easy work, and it is by no means unexhausting work. If there were any satisfactory means of counterbalancing mental and bodily labour, it would probably be found that a couple of hours' lecturing of this kind takes a good deal more out of one than a twenty-mile walk. But it is probably worth doing, and every now and then the sower finds that his seed has not been sown in vain, the steel that it has met a flint that can scintillate at contact. In the intervals it may no doubt be well, if anybody thinks it worth while, to inquire whether Chaucer was taken prisoner near Rennes or near Reims; and to select the exact author of Scene *x* in Act *y* of Part *n* of "Henry VI." But that, with whatever kind of text-books, at whatever age of scholars or students, and so on, the method of teaching English literature above outlined is the best method; is, indeed, almost the only method much worth pursuing—the present writer doth modestly but immutably believe.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

A CAMBRIDGE CONSERVATIVE

THE PASTORAL EPISTLES. With Introduction, Text and Commentary by R. St. John Parry, D.D. (Cambridge, University Press. 20s. net.)

MODERATE criticism at the present day is generally agreed that while the three epistles to Timothy and Titus in the New Testament canon contain Pauline elements, they were not written by the apostle himself. As we judge similar writings in the Shakespearean canon to be Shakespearean rather than Shakespeare's, so with this trio of cognate letters. The evidence which underlies this critical judgment is cumulative. But the verdict of most scholars now is that we do not have Paul's mind in these epistles, not even his mind as an old man. The verdict has not been unchallenged. Anglican writers in particular have rallied to the defence of the traditional view, Dr. J. H. Bernard, Dr. N. J. D. White, Mr. E. F. Browne, and now Dr. Parry. It is a pity that no scholar in this country has edited the epistles from the standpoint, adopted, as Dr. Parry remarks, by "much, though not all of the most competent criticism of the last twenty years." We had hoped that Cambridge would have led the way in providing us with an edition which might rank with the standard German commentaries. But Dr. Parry is decidedly conservative. He finds no difficulty in supposing that the epistles were written by Paul between 62, the date of his release from imprisonment at Rome, and 67, the traditional date of his martyrdom. The reasons for this supposition occupy over a hundred and sixty pages of introduction.

They are described as "a fresh inquiry." But there is very little "fresh" about them except an ingenious, elaborate attempt to meet the critical argument that "faith" in these epistles is becoming more and more identified with *fides quæ creditur*, with what a modern terms "orthodoxy." Dr. Parry sets himself to demonstrate that the Greek word translated "sound" should be rendered "wholesome" or "healthy," and that the allusions to "sound doctrine" really mean the moral effect of the teaching. But his exegetical devices break down. The Pastoral epistles insist on doctrine being wholesome because it is standard; no amount of argument can get rid of this assumption in the writer's mind. Dr. Parry is equally unconvincing in his plea that the elaborate, deliberate instructions and assertions of Paul are quite intelligible in letters addressed to subordinates whom he hopes soon to revisit. Probably Paul meant the letters to be written credentials, which Timothy, for example, might show to members of the Church who ventured to challenge his authority. This is, however, pure conjecture. And the letters are really not private notes at all. The Church destination slips through in the closing greetings, which are addressed to "you" (plural). The truth is, the Pastorals were written by a Paulinist who was particularly interested in the organization of the Church. Explanations may be given, no doubt, of the special emphasis on Church organization at this period of Paul's life, on the traditional hypothesis, but, as Professor Peake remarks, "it is questionable whether these explanations are satisfactory." It must be admitted, however, that Dr. Parry shows a right historical judgment in agreeing with Hort, as against Dr. Bernard, that the epistles "show us one class of officers named *πρεσβύτεροι* whose business of government is described by the verb *ἐπισκοπῇ* [*sic!*], and who could therefore themselves be described as *ἐπίσκοποι*." We are not yet at the stage of Ignatius, with his monarchical episcopate.

The rest of the book is not adequate. Seven pages are devoted to a list of various readings, but they are copied from Tischendorf, and they are amazingly eclectic. Then there is no allusion to the variant *πρότερα* in 1 Tim. vi. 11, or to *ζῶντι* in 1 Tim. vi. 17, or to *τῷ θεῷ* in 2 Tim. ii. 3, or to *Μαμβρή* in 2 Tim. iii. 8. Omissions of this kind deprive the list of any value for the critical student. The notes on the Greek text often miss matter which is really vital. Thus on 1 Tim. v. 8 there is not a word about the Jewish and classical emphasis on the duty of providing for one's own family; the antecedents of the phrase "crown of righteousness" (2 Tim. iv. 8) are ignored; and the note on the curt phrase about the Cretans (Titus i. 12) is singularly bare, in the light of recent discussion. Without disparaging the conscientious work in these notes, we must say that so far as the object of the monograph is concerned, Dr. Parry would have done better to omit the commentary altogether—it is not any advance on earlier English work—and to discuss the partition theories of the epistles, a branch of criticism which he passes by. Conservative criticism is still welcome on this subject of the Pastoral epistles. It is all to the good that the arguments of those who break with the traditional view should be sifted and searched. But, for the sake of English scholarship, we should like to see the traditional case put with more force and point.

OWING to the liberal support which the fund continues to receive, the Pension Fund Committee of the Authors' Society are in a position—with the sanction of the trustees of the fund—to grant another pension. The applicant must be a member of the Society and sixty years of age. The lowest amount that can be granted as a pension is £25 a year. Under certain conditions those who have been members of the Society, but are no longer members, can become entitled to apply for a pension. Forms of application can be obtained from the Secretary, 1, Central Buildings, Tothill Street, S.W.1.

POETIC TEMPERATURES

OTHERWORLD, CADENCES. By F. S. Flint. (Poetry Bookshop. 6s. net.)

POEMS. By Iris Tree. (Lane. 6s. net.)

THE WOODEN PEGASUS. By Edith Sitwell. (Oxford, Blackwell. 6s. net.)

IN the preface of this his latest book of poems, Mr. Flint starts afresh one of those indefatigable literary hares that have gone on these last three hundred years and more providing sport for all who enjoy the excitement of a run. Shall poetry be written in rhyme and metre? The hare is away with Mr. Flint, and his dogs in full pursuit.

There is only one art of writing, and that is the art of poetry; and, wherever you feel the warmth of human experience and imagination in any writing, there is poetry, whether it is in the form we call prose, or in rhyme and metre, or in the unrhymed cadence in which the greater part of this book is written. . . . For the poets I have in mind [the poets who will be listened to to-day] there are the two forms, which are really one, the first being prose and the second I have called unrhymed cadence. The one merges into the other; there is no boundary line between them; but prose generally will be used for the more objective branches of writing. . . . Cadence will be used for personal, emotional, lyric utterances, in which the phrasing goes with a stronger beat and the words live together with an intenser flame.

We have no leisure to hunt Mr. Flint's hare systematically and to the death. We will do no more than briefly state the fact that we disagree with him. Rhyme and metre and all the sophistications of language to which Mr. Flint so much objects are the product of the poet's desire to show that poetry is on a different plane of emotional intensity from prose. To make no difference of any kind between the language and form of poetry and the language and form of prose is, we believe, to testify, consciously or unconsciously, to an innate incapacity to feel emotions of poetic intensity. Mr. Flint says that poetry exists wherever you feel the warmth of human experience and imagination. But he does not hint that there may be different degrees of warmth. The normal 98.4 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature at which we live our ordinary quotidian lives, is not the temperature of poetry. Poetic intensity comes with fever. Poets have, from time immemorial, expressed the strange, almost delirious sensations induced by that emotional fever in forms of speech that are not the forms of their normal speech. Of course, a man need not, to be a poet, write in verse; we agree with Mr. Flint in saying that he may write in what is known as prose. But the form in which he writes, whatever it may be, will not, if the writer's emotion have the intensity and temperature of poetic emotion, be the form of quiet and daily conversation.

Mr. Flint's protest against drawing distinctions between prose and poetry, and his use, in practice, of poetical forms that are practically indistinguishable from the prose of everyday statement, make one suspect that he is unacquainted with the fever temperature of the intensest poetical emotion. The more and the more carefully one reads these pieces, the more certainly one becomes convinced of the fundamental unpoeticalness—or perhaps unlyricalness—would be a fairer word—of their author. Like so many of the French poets, he is an orator telling of things seen and felt at the normal emotional temperature and pressure. Almost never do we feel in reading Mr. Flint's poetry that thrill of excitement and surprise which we feel in reading the lyrical utterance of the true poet. Almost never does he say anything that is an illumination in the dark, that makes one see or feel more clearly what one had seen and felt confusedly before. We catch no infection of fever from his writing, for there is no fever to catch. We are just men with even pulses and normal temperatures, sitting at the breakfast table and listening to another man, as happily normal as ourselves, relating his experiences.

Miss Edith Sitwell and Miss Iris Tree are alike in one thing alone: in the poetry of both of them we feel the

temperature and intensity of a lyrical emotion. But except in this one respect they are singularly dissimilar. Miss Sitwell seems to look at the world from the outside with a regard of focused intensity that is at the same time quite dispassionate. Miss Tree is in the midst of life, up to the neck in it, so to speak, and writing as one passionately concerned with its problems, because so closely affected and menaced by them. Miss Tree writes of the emotions and passions of the soul, of the problems of good and evil as they present themselves to one who acts and suffers. She is a salvationist concerned to find a spiritual equilibrium in the midst of a strange world shot through with mingled horror and beauty:

But since we are children of this age,
In curious ways discovering salvation,
I will not quit my muddled generation,
But ever plead for Beauty in this rage.

Her poems are often crude and imperfect in expression; but always, pleading for beauty and in curious ways seeking salvation, Miss Tree has something of interest and of genuine emotional importance to say. To read such poems as "Old women forever sitting" or "I dread the coming of approaching spring" (to select two pieces almost at random from this collection) is to realize with a thrill of excitement that this is the real thing—a genuine lyrical power, still young and unperfected, but already rich in achievement and richer in its future promise.

To Miss Sitwell, regarding the antics of our muddled generation from outside, the question of soulsaving is not the immediate one. She is interested in the spectacle for its own sake, in its brilliance, its oddness and variety. But the world always remains a spectacle and she remains a member of the audience. She is not involved in the drama that is unfolding itself on the stage; she is a looker-on. The feelings of the spectator are generally of a comfortable mildness, but Miss Sitwell endows them with intensity by the piercing concentration of her regard. Fixedly, intently she focuses the figures on the stage until they assume a peculiar significance, not their own, but derived from the very intentness with which they are viewed. Reality takes on the strange nightmarish qualities of hallucination. A great number of Miss Sitwell's poems are the records of what to most people would simply be ordinary sensations converted by this process of fixed staring into queer dream-emotions. Miss Sitwell's method is limited in scope, but within its limitations can produce interesting and often fantastically beautiful results. We see her work at its best and most characteristic—the hallucinated vision, the precise, glassily bright technique, the curiously profound wit—in the "Fifteen Bucolic Poems":

Across the fields as green as spinach,
Cropped as close as Time at Greenwich,
Stands a high house: if at all,
Spring comes like a Paisley shawl—
Patterns meticulous
And youthfully ridiculous.
In each room the yellow sun
Shakes like a canary, run
On run, roulade, and watery trill—
Yellow, meaningless and shrill.
Face as white as any clock's,
Cased in parsley-dark curled locks,
All day long you sit and sew,
Stitch life down for fear it grow,
Stitch life down for fear we guess
At the hidden ugliness.
Dusty voice that throbs with heat,
Hoping with its steel-thin beat
To put stitches in my mind,
Make it tidy, make it kind.
You shall not! I'll keep it free . . .

This is as near as Miss Sitwell ever gets to participation in the drama, as near to a pronouncement on the saving of souls as she will allow herself to go.

LIFE AND LABOUR

LIFE AND LABOUR IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By C. R. Fay.
(Cambridge University Press. 20s. net.)

MR. FAY is an academic economist, and it is very pleasant to observe that he is distinctly uneasy. The causes of his uneasiness are not obscure. He can write after his name "late Captain in the Machine Gun Corps"; the substance of his book was delivered in the form of lectures to officers of the Royal Navy and students from the army of the United States; there are some nasty Bolsheviks in Russia whose foreign "jargon" is not as "congenial to Englishmen" as the compromises of the respectable Whitley Councils; in fact, the worried lecturer has to consider life as well as Labour. Mr. Fay's spiritual ancestors attempted to separate Labour from life: they put in the mine and the factory an abstraction or automaton which was to obey laws with the regularity of figures or machines. The laws were, of course, the laws of capitalism, for in the nineteenth century anyone who did not believe in the divine right of capitalism belonged to the category of what Mr. Fay would now call a Bolshevik. Was not Karl Marx a German Jew who spoke the "jargon" of a language unintelligible to the intelligent Englishman, and was not Socialism, until Mr. and Mrs. Webb perversely brought Fabianism into the shadow of St. Stephen's, mainly confined to unwashed foreigners?

It is now customary to deride the old economists for this attempt of theirs to convert Labour into an abstraction and an automaton, but they really knew what they were about. The fact is that they very nearly succeeded; man, even the intelligent Englishman, is not so very far from being an abstraction and automaton: if you tell him sufficiently early and sufficiently often that black is white, if you put him in the middle of a machine which requires him to act on the hypothesis that black is white, and if it is to the advantage of those that work the machine that black should be white, your intelligent Englishman will go through life firmly convinced that it is a law of God, of nature, and of the British Empire, that black is white. For the better part of a century the owners of the industrial machine, supported by the politicians, the economists, the journalists, and the army and navy, succeeded in getting 95 per cent. of the workers to accept the postulates of capitalistic industry. What those postulates implied when they were translated into the life of Labour may be read in Mr. Fay's own pages, which give a very solid conspectus of the conditions of the working classes in various industries during the last century. All through the century there were, too, as Mr. Fay's book shows, a small minority of rebels in the human herd, Socialists, Co-operators, Redemptionists, Chartists, who denied the postulates and tried to insist that the worker was not a machine, but a rational human being.

What effect this minority had upon the mass of the workers is an extremely difficult question; it is and was, however, probably much less than the rebels and the rulers imagine. There were moments between 1850 and 1900 when it looked as if Labour might permanently accept the position in the Universe assigned to it by the captains of industry and Lombard Street and by the economists of Oxford and Cambridge. Then something happened; possibly those who owned or worked the machine went a little too far; at any rate, the economic man revolted, and a tide of hostility to the capitalistic system began to set in throughout the working classes of Europe. It is still flowing, and it accounts for Mr. Fay's uneasiness. For where will it end? Of course, if it ends in the Whitley Councils and in "terms congenial to Englishmen," we shall be able to settle down again comfortably to our bottles of beer and our dividends and High Tables. But no one can be quite sure where the line will be drawn.

AMERICAN POETRY

THE MONTHLY CHAPBOOK, May, 1920: SOME CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN POETS. By John Gould Fletcher. (Poetry Bookshop. 1s. 6d. net.)

AS an introductory guide, prepared particularly for the Englishman, Mr. Fletcher's paper on American poetry ought to be useful. Mr. Fletcher does not attempt to cover the whole ground; he deals only with Mr. Robinson, Mr. Frost, Miss Lowell, Mr. Masters, Mr. Pound, Mr. Sandburg, and one or two others, and with these he must, in a total of thirty pages, deal briefly. In some respects what he offers is a very good précis of Miss Lowell's "Tendencies in Modern American Poetry." He condenses the biographical material there so loosely displayed; he lists, pretty completely, the books of his authors; and he attempts, as Miss Lowell attempted, to relate these poets to the environment which, as the phrase goes, "produced" them. This is an admirable undertaking, for which both Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Monro are to be congratulated. If one has a regret it is that the undertaking was not, from the outset, on a finer scale.

For of course the danger of such an undertaking is in the temptation which so irresistibly assails the critic, the temptation to broad generalization: one must, when one's space is so limited, generalize. And generalization about American literature has been, early and late, done to death. It was perhaps safe between 1835 and 1845 to generalize about American poetry, if one excepted Poe; it was again safe to generalize about it between 1865 and 1885, if one excepted Whitman. These were periods when American poetry was extraordinarily, depressingly homogeneous. But homogeneity is no longer a characteristic of American poetry. It is, on the contrary, I think, more heterogeneous than the contemporary poetry of either France or England. Every day makes it more embarrassing for the critic who, like so many modern critics, has a passion for "placing" his specimen, for demonstrating that his poet is the result of, the "expression" of, certain social features of the era, the few seconds, in which he lives. An attempt of this sort is, of course, useful. But unless one is very sure of one's ground one is too apt to become merely, in the figuring of the particular case, romantic. It is tempting, for example, to see Mr. Robinson as a kind of summing up of New England Puritanism, or to see Mr. Frost in the same cold light. No doubt Mr. Robinson and Mr. Frost, both of whom have lived in New England and drawn from it, have been mildly aware of their environment. They have also seen in it material conveniently ready for use. But if one assumes from this that only New England could have "produced" them one is, I think, beginning to romanticize. New England is not so definite a quantity—"y" let us call it—that when a poet is born there he will be invariably of the type "yp."

Mr. Fletcher's summary, like Miss Lowell's book, is a little too much founded on this kind of generalization. Each poet is, as it were, seen in a "light," posed a trifle too fixedly against a background somewhat too carefully arranged. The environment is given too much value in the symbiosis, the temperament or sensibility of the poet too little. If one determines to approach the poet as a scientist might, chart in hand (as one should), and to regard him as a drifting sensorium which merely records its reactions, then one must be thoroughly scientific; it will not do to observe his reactions only in one direction—the "social"—and draw from the observation overwhelming conclusions. Mr. Fletcher shares this fault with the great majority of contemporary critics. But it should be added that aside from this his notes on the American poets he treats are sound, and often, as in the case of Mr. Pound, revealing. C. A.

WALKING IN A MIST

IN QUEST OF AN IDEAL: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Edmond Holmes. (R. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s. net.)
THE COSMIC COMMONWEALTH. By Edmond Holmes. (Constable. 5s. net.)

WE are accustomed to speak of sincerity as if it were a quality quite independent of intelligence. "Stupid but sincere," is a phrase we permit ourselves to use. Mr. Holmes' first book has suggested to us that the word "sincere" could bear a richer content; that, as it stands, it acquires its implication of approval on rather easy terms. We want to use the word in a sense that shall distinguish, for instance, between true feeling and sentimentalism. And it is difficult to do this without giving a turn involving intelligence to the definition.

We have been led to think of this because Mr. Holmes shows us, with remarkable clearness, the limitations of mere sincerity. It is a quality, we judge, that has been of no great service to him; he has used it to aid him in forming a philosophy of life, but such confusion and error as that philosophy may exhibit has been determined by factors quite independent of Mr. Holmes' sincerity. The fact is that, while a philosophy must be, in the elementary sense, sincere, it should also be sincere in a much more profound sense. It is possible to believe, quite sincerely, that the whole of life is good and yet to shrink from facing the question: What are the impulses in me which make me think that? We must not, it is agreed, push this process too far. We are all conditioned by circumstances outside our control. If we wish to walk in a straight line we cannot, at the utmost, be expected to do more than allow for the earth's rotation. If we are to take account, also, of the motion of the solar system, we may legitimately complain that we should never start. And it may be that the analogy holds to the limit, so that in the end the very idea of a straight line becomes meaningless and our project senseless. But we do not expect the philosopher's understanding of the problem to be as elementary as the land-surveyor's.

It is for this reason that we are much more sympathetic to Mr. Holmes' problems than to his solutions. We say Mr. Holmes' problems, but indeed what we mean is rather our own conception of those problems, for we do not feel that Mr. Holmes' sincerity ever enabled him to realize his problems clearly: we see Mr. Holmes through frosted glass. We can well believe that he has rubbed and polished the glass assiduously; nevertheless everything within remains blurred. He has described himself as having always been an emotional thinker; we do not object to that, provided the thinking be clear and the emotion true. In neither of these respects do we find Mr. Holmes convincing. Even more important than an occasional obscurity of thought do we find a certain inadequacy in Mr. Holmes' emotions. In 1878, at the time of the threat of war between England and Russia, Mr. Holmes wrote a rather long poem on "Standing Still," picturing himself as a soldier. We do not doubt that, in this poem, Mr. Holmes has presented a perfectly sincere emotion:

I murmur not: I am more than blest:
She has found me a foot of earth to defend:
She has marked me the way I may serve her best:
She judges the issue: she knows the end—
Mine to work—be the meaning unguessed.

Mr. Holmes has here achieved the sentimentalists' feat. He has been completely untruthful in order to educe an emotion. He does not even know he has been untruthful—the transition has been so easy. We have not selected this illustration unfairly; it is an indication of the sentimentalism we find throughout the book. Even when the object seems adequate to the emotion we can never be sure. Even when Mr. Holmes is pleading for loyalty

to the "Whole," for an heroic unselfishness, he disconcerts us by choosing to illustrate the evil he sees by the German invasion of Belgium and the Miners' Union which "threatens to strangle the economic life of the nation." It is this curious flatness of apprehension which makes his philosophy so confusing. When Mr. Holmes informs us that he has learned to accept the Whole of life we wonder what precisely he has done. What has he reconciled? How clear was his perception of what there is to be reconciled? When we find Mr. Holmes sympathetic, as we frequently do, these reflections make us uneasy. With what are we really sympathizing? Are we being misled by a trick of vocabulary? Such scepticism is perhaps ungracious; we are paying too much attention, it may be, to the incidentals of expression. Nevertheless, this ambiguous impression makes it impossible for Mr. Holmes to speak to us unequivocally. Is it a friend or a stranger talking?

To lose faith in the Whole because of the temporary aberration of a part, or because the course of things will not conform to some petty standards of one's own, is the mark of a faint heart and a myopic mind.

Is this heroic or is it trivial? Has a crucifixion preceded Mr. Holmes' *Te Deum*? He has "always," he tells us, been an "optimist." But, indeed, we think the language is sufficient. "Petty standards," "faint heart," "myopic mind"; this is not true of some men who have not shared Mr. Holmes' faith. It is, we suspect, the language of a man who has found it easy to believe. But if this is so, then much of Mr. Holmes' pilgrimage loses interest for us. So much of his struggle, in that case, has been concerned with his own misapprehension, with the distortion produced by his blunted tools. His long task of self-development has been, in effect, no self-development at all, but merely a kind of self-extension; he has absorbed Nature, he has realized his oneness with the Whole, but this Nature and Whole with which he is one is but a monstrous projection of himself. It is not the mere fact that the emotional basis of Mr. Holmes' thinking is always apparent that rouses our hesitation; we are dubious rather about the quality of the emotions so revealed. They are too facile, they are too indiscriminating. Mr. Holmes has made no effort, apparently, to refine them. He is still a sentimentalist. It is the danger which awaits every idealist. There are only two things that can arrest him on the easy incline of the primrose path. He may encounter a shattering experience, something so hard and angular that it cannot be patted into shape, or he may be steadily deflected by a logical faculty which will tolerate no merely vague identifications. We sense nothing of this in Mr. Holmes' language, and he mentions no facts that help us. We do not object to *couleur de rose*; it is a light one can see by. But we cannot live in a rosy mist.

Give your heart to the Divine Lover, and you will become one with supreme reality and therefore with Ideal Truth. Give your heart to the Divine Lover, and you will become one with the inward harmony of the Universe and therefore with Ideal Beauty. Give your heart to the Divine Lover, and you will become one with Love.

This is effortless, vague, like murmurs in a dream.

OUR Linnean Society has received from the Swedish Linnean Society a communication regarding the proposed restoration of the old Botanic Garden at Uppsala, with the house in it formerly occupied by Carl von Linné. As the English Society is debarred by its charters from making a direct grant to this praiseworthy object, it can only be effected by private effort, and notwithstanding the numerous demands made at the present time, it is hoped that substantial assistance towards realizing this memorial to the great botanist will be forthcoming. Dr. Daydon Jackson, the General Secretary of the English Linnean Society (Burlington House, W.1), will be glad to give further details or to forward gifts to Sweden.

FIRST NOVELS

A CHILD OF THE ALPS. By Margaret Symonds. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

THE STORY OF A NEW ZEALAND RIVER. By Jane Mander. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

WE question whether anyone who has not himself written the eighty thousand-odd words realizes to the full the grim importance of the fact that a novel is not written in a day. In the case of the short story it is possible to give orders that, unless the house is on fire—and even then, not until the front staircase is well alight—one must not be disturbed; but a novel is an affair of weeks, of months; time after time the author is forced to leave what he has written to-day exposed to what may happen before to-morrow. How can one measure the influence of the interruptions and distractions that come between? How can one be certain of the length of time that one's precious idea will wait for one? And then, suppose the emotional atmosphere is recaptured and the fresh link forged, there is always the chance that memory may play one false as to what is already written. The painter places his canvas on the easel; he steps away, he takes a long absorbed look, and it is all there before him from the first stroke to the last. But the author cannot go back to Chapter I. and read again; he has no means of constantly renewing his knowledge of what he has actually written as opposed to what he has come to take for granted is there. And who shall say it is easy, in the final moment of relief and triumph, when the labourer's task is o'er and he knows all, to begin to be critical on such a point?

"A Child of the Alps" and "The Story of a New Zealand River" are two first novels which convey the impression that their authors were by no means sensible to the idea that there might be danger in the leisurely style. Miss Margaret Symonds, in particular, writes with a strange confidence; she has the reader's attention caught and thrilled by her artless tale of the "strange child" Linda. All flows along so gently, all happens so easily, that we almost feel that we are children lying in our little beds and submitting to the story that the kind grown-up is recounting. It is the story of a girl whose mother was English and whose father was Swiss, and of how her true self, which was Switzerland, fought with her false self, which was England, and of how her true self nearly succumbed, but was in the end the conqueror. Linda, the child of the Alps, is a real heroine; she is exceedingly beautiful, with black hair reaching to her knees, great sombre eyes and tiny hands, but in spite of all that Miss Symonds tells us of her external appearance and of the infinite number of her sense impressions she will not materialize. We admit her youthfulness; we realize it was her time of life to flit from flower to flower, from mood to mood, from sensation to sensation, but she is a shadow without a girl. How beautiful is Switzerland in the Winter, in the Spring! How divinely lovely is Italy! Sweet sights and pleasant smells, charming pictures of peasant life abound, until we find ourselves in the strange position of skipping the story for the sake of the scenery. England, according to Miss Symonds, is life in the dining-room window of a suburban villa with the coal-cart passing outside, and Italy and Switzerland are two heavens. But this excessive simplification does not make a novel, nor should the fact that the novel is not written in a day make the author less conscious of the deserts of vast eternity that lie before us. It is, we repeat, as though we listened to this gentle, well-bred book, rather than read it, and we close it with the feeling that the unknown plants and flowers are far more real to us than the unknown people.

The case of Miss Jane Mander is very different. Her "Story of a New Zealand River," which takes four hundred and thirty-two pages of small type to tell, has none of Miss Symonds' sophistication, or European atmosphere. The scene is laid in the back blocks of New Zealand, and, as is almost invariably the case with novels that have a colonial setting, in spite of the fact that there is frequent allusion to the magnificent scenery, it profiteth us nothing. "Stiff laurel-like puriris stood beside the drooping lace fringe of the lacy rimu; hard blackish kahikateas brooded over the oak-like ti-toki with its lovely scarlet berry." What picture can that possibly convey to an English reader? What emotion can it produce? But that brings us to the fact that Miss Jane Mander is immensely hampered in her writing by her adherence to the old unnecessary technical devices—they are no more—with which she imagines it necessary to support her story. If one has the patience to persevere with her novel, there is, under all the false wrappings, the root of something very fresh and sturdy. She lacks confidence and the courage of her opinions; like the wavering, fearful heroine, she leans too hard on England. There are moments when we catch a bewilderingly vivid glimpse of what she really felt and knew about the small settlement of people in the lumber-camp, but we suspect that these are moments when she is off her guard. Then her real talent flashes out; her characters move quickly, almost violently; we are suddenly conscious what an agony, what an anguish it was to Bruce when he felt one of his drunken fits coming on; or The Boss reveals his extraordinary simplicity when he tells his wife he thought she'd been unfaithful to him for years.

But these serve nothing but to increase our impatience with Miss Mander. Why is her book not half as long, twice as honest? What right has she to bore her readers if she is capable of interesting them? It would be easy to toss "The Story of a New Zealand River" aside and to treat it as another unsuccessful novel, but we have been seeking for pearls in such a prodigious number of new books that we are forced to the conclusion that it is useless to dismiss any that contain something that might one day turn into a pearl. What is extremely impressive to the novel reviewer is the modesty of the writers—their diffidence in declaring themselves what they are—their almost painful belief that they must model themselves on somebody. We turn over page after page wondering numbly why this unknown he or she should go through the labour of writing all this down. They cannot all of them imagine that this book is going to bring them fame and fortune. And then—no, not always, but a great deal more often than the cultivated public would believe—there is a sentence, there is a paragraph, a whole page or two, which starts in the mind of the reviewer the thrilling thought that this book was written because the author wanted to write. How is this timidity to be explained, then? One would imagine that round the corner there was a little band of jeering, sneering superior persons ready to leap up and laugh if the cut of the new-comer's jacket is not of the strangeness they consider admissible. In the name of the new novel, the new sketch, the new story, if they are really there, let us defy them.

K. M.

THE Art Theatre's fifth production will be Tchekov's "The Cherry Orchard," translated by Mrs. Constance Garnett, which will be given at St. Martin's Theatre on July 11, at 8.15 p.m., and July 12, at 2.30 p.m. The principal part will be played by Miss Ethel Irving, and the cast also includes Margery Bryce, Edith Evans, Helena Millais, Irene Rathbone, William Armstrong, Felix Aylmer, Leyton Cancellor, Joseph A. Dodd, Ernest Paterson, Hesketh Pearson and J. H. Roberts. All particulars as to tickets, &c., may be obtained from the Secretary at 43, Russell Square, W.C.1.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

THE FAITH OF A QUAKER. By John W. Graham. (Cambridge University Press. 21s. net.)—This book is essentially an exposition of and commentary on the chief teachings of Quakerism. The author's method is to combine an account of historic practice with a discussion of philosophic first principles, a method which avoids a thin-blooded abstraction on the one hand, and yet keeps the gravity and weight of a comprehensive vision on the other.

The essentially mystical basis of Quakerism is well pointed out, and some useful distinctions are drawn between the somewhat vehement assertions of the early pioneers and the results of modern thinking. The early conception of the Indwelling Light, for example, has been modified by the thinking of successive generations of teachers. It is now recognized that this light is natural as well as divine, and the general agreement that is found in all mystical writings becomes more easily understood. Occasional striking resemblances between the writings of George Fox and Jacob Boehme, for instance—quite apart from any question of actual direct influence—present nothing surprising. It may be agreed, also, that some of the "exterior" teachings of the pioneers were not always fortunate. They bear marks of their purely temporal origin, and even, sometimes, of peculiarities of temperament and education to which no special authority need be attached.

The community of Quakers is not likely to object to the reverent, but discriminating, analysis which is here given of many current practices. The distinction between form and spirit should certainly be appreciated by a Quaker, and he should be willing to recognize that some customs—even the custom of using "thee" and "thou," sanctified by associations as it is—have been established by reasoning which is not really satisfactory. The signs of separation from the world should, in fact, be given up. At the present time, when so many people are dissatisfied with all religious "institutions," and yet cannot deny, whatever name they may give to it, the inner light of their own nature, there is an unexampled opportunity for the creation of a spiritual fellowship which shall impose no peculiar and inessential bonds upon its members, but which shall be wholly concerned with that growth of the spirit which is the one living fact in a religious life. Why should not this new fellowship, this mystic brotherhood, be found in an extension of the community of Friends?

THE TAINT IN POLITICS. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d. net.)—The value of this anonymous criticism of present-day political affairs would be greatly enhanced were the writer able to confirm the hope held out at the commencement, that in spite of his summary dismissal of politics as everywhere and always more or less tainted, his attitude might eventually be something more than negative. It is not difficult, after all, to collect evidence to prove that our political life is devoid of principle, corrupt beneath the surface, incompetent, slavish and yet oligarchic; Mr. Belloc and the late Cecil Chesterton managed to do that in their spare time, and rather more convincingly. The author of this book meanders complacently along, as though he had never been particularly indignant about the matter, and his attitude were merely a point of view; whereas the one-sidedness of his predecessors in the indictment was due to the blindness of their passion. The blind grope instinctively towards the light. But here we are given no promise of light at all. The one positive suggestion, concerning the need of wider knowledge of parliamentary matters, is not very useful in itself; and, after all, is not a wide knowledge of parliamentary matters the chief equipment of those politicians who are so blandly condemned?

STUDIES OF CONTEMPORARY POETS. By Mary C. Sturgeon. (Harrap. 7s. 6d. net.)—This is a revised and enlarged edition of a volume which appeared in 1916. The best one can say about Miss Sturgeon's work is that it is the outcome of a wide knowledge of the poets and versifiers of her time. But she fails to do justice to whatever understanding of them that knowledge might have given to her. "So successful has the author's method been in many cases that even the *litterateur* must pause and think. He will observe how well the new artistry suits the new material; he will note the exhilaration of the final effect"; "I have observed a special gleam in the eyes of thoughtful people when they talk about Thomas Hardy":—such writing is not intelligent appreciation, nor can it by any excess of generosity be regarded as criticism—although, to be quite fair, the author does not claim that her work is criticism. It is just garrulousness. The omission from the earlier edition of any pages on Mr. Hardy and Mr. Yeats is explained as due to the non-production by either poet of any work while the author was writing the book in 1914; and that of any reference to "Michael Field" as due to "the most *exciting* work" (*italics ours*) not having appeared "till quite recently." The equipment of a student who sets out to tackle with any profit the work of artists so diverse as those whose names the volume includes needs to be more adequate in every way than that which Miss Sturgeon's writing exhibits.

FREE WILL AND DESTINY. By St. George Lane Fox Pitt. (Constable. 5s.)—We do not know whether the author of this book intended his chapters to have any very definite connection with one another (in his preface he speaks of a "treatise"), but we find it natural to take his book as a collection of essays, or as, perhaps, the first draft of a complete work. There are many suggestive remarks, a number of interesting arguments are sketched, but such positive conclusions as may be extracted from the book must be worked out with some labour by the reader. He will find that the key to the author's thinking lies in his remarks on psychology, particularly in his insistence on the indeterminate meanings of such terms as "self," "freedom," "truth," and so on. In the course of a slightly amateurish chapter on Einstein's Relativity the author pleads for the application of the general idea to Religion, Philosophy, Psychology, Biology and Economics, a collection of subjects that makes it a little difficult to understand what precisely he means by relativity. We take it that he means that "absolutist" systems should now be discarded wherever they are employed. In his own words:

There is no absolute right and wrong, nothing is absolutely true and absolutely false, any more than there can be an absolutely great and an absolutely small. Nothing is *unalterably fixed*.

The author's general view-point is connected, somewhat obscurely, with Buddhism, a connection that leads to the appearance of Sir Frederick Pollock at the beginning of the book and again later in a footnote. On each occasion he disagrees, we understand, with Mr. Fox Pitt. We found these appearances a little puzzling. But, towards the end, the book very suddenly and inexplicably becomes a history of the International Moral Education Congress, and Mr. Fox Pitt gives way to Mr. F. J. Gould. Even the Minutes of the meetings of this Congress are detailed for us. We fail to see why all this information, interesting enough in itself, should be included in this particular book. We cannot discover any special propriety in its presence here, and the fact that Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Fox Pitt, and Mr. F. J. Gould are all members of this Congress does not seem a sufficient bond. It is a mystery. We have chosen, however, to confine our criticisms to that part of the book which is relevant to its title.

MARGINALIA

FOR some time past I have noticed in myself a tendency of which I have not much liked to speak, lest others, more serious and earnest, should find it shameful. Let me hasten to state that there is nothing morally reprehensible about it; it is not a horrid turpitude, but only, at the worst, a sign of feebleness and frivolity. The fact is that I find myself daily taking less and less interest in politics. I continue to read the papers of course—for one cannot afford in these days to be a Robinson Crusoe—but I read fewer of them than I did, and the only part of them that I read with any deep attention, any pleasure, and, as I choose to think, any profit, is the divorce and police-court news. A taste, even a perverted taste, is always its own excuse. *De gustibus . . . nil nisi bonum*, as a character in Tchekov has put it. But I feel it none the less necessary to justify what the clergy and the magistrature of juvenile courts would certainly stigmatize as a depravity.

* * *

To deal first with the moral aspects of the question: doesn't one, after all, get a very much rosier view of human nature from the police and divorce news than from the political columns of the daily paper? When the judge is set and the books are reckoned, I fancy that Crippen will cut a better figure than some of the folk at present engaged in making Europe what it is. Mrs. Bamberger is to stand her trial for perjury; but has she lied more outrageously than most contemporary statesmen? No; if corruption of morals by evil company is what is to be feared, one is probably safer in the dock than in most halls of legislature and Peace Conferences. But that is not one's only or even one's principal reason for preferring the police news. The fact is that politics are too huge and horrible for the helpless individual, who happens merely to be an impoverished voter, to contemplate without black despair. There is no particular pleasure or interest to be derived from the spectacle of an avalanche preparing to start. Sooner or later the mass will be launched, and unthinkable destruction will follow.

* * *

There is nothing to be done about it. Better amuse oneself as best one may before the moment of catastrophe arrives. Our civilization does not look as though it would long outlast the run of "Chu Chin Chow." Let us enjoy the thousand nights or so of existence that are still left us. To watch the unpreventable catastrophe preparing is not merely sad; it is fundamentally uninteresting—uninteresting, since the whole process seems to have got out of human control; uninteresting, since all that our rulers can do or say possesses only a purely academic and theoretical value. Thus, having demanded from Germany that she shall give us the moon as part of the indemnity, our statesmen sit round a table and quarrel with one another as to who shall take the moon's invisible back side, who the green cheese and who the holes—a Gothamism too remote and fantastic to command the least attention from anyone who even pretends to be serious-minded. No, we have lost control. The fabulous, malignant stupidity of our rulers has set the avalanche in motion; not even a miraculous return to intelligence can now arrest it. And so one turns from what is a dull mechanical law of nature to what is human, and therefore interesting; to the private crimes and follies and absurd imbroglios, to the generosity and meanness, kindness, cruelty and inexhaustible oddness of individual men and women. In a word, one spends the Sabbath in reading the *News of the World*.

* * *

The murders are almost always absorbing, though of course they have their degrees of interest. A wild animal

like Toplis, who has no better motive for killing than has a tiger, is not interesting; he is merely terrifying. But where the motives become complicated and doubtful, where the balance of right and wrong is not too certainly tilted and the murderer seems almost justified, where mystery remains dark and insoluble—then the excitement begins. Shall we ever know the truth about the killing of Bella Wright? or of that much more astonishingly horrible and romantic case of the Naked Man? The story of the Naked Man might be the beginning of one of the adventures of the Suicide Club. In a field near East Meon a dead man is picked up one winter morning—a stark-naked corpse with manicured hands. The night before the discovery a shepherd hears a motor-car arrive, halt for a little near the place where the man was found next day, and then drive away. That is all. The Naked Man is still a complete and unexplained mystery. I shall be much surprised if Prince Florizel of Bohemia and Colonel Geraldine are not involved in this strange affair.

* * *

In the divorce cases my literary instincts lead me to take a particular interest in the style of the love-letters which come to be read out in court. No one who has followed these proceedings with attention can fail to have been struck by the lamentable and pathetic badness of all these published letters. When written in an unpretentious style they are generally just childishly idiotic. But when the authors aspire to lyrical flights it is much worse. All the old clichés of the third-rate novel and the magazine poem are produced. Echoes of Charles Garvice and Ella Wheeler Wilcox freely reverberate. One has a distressing vision of tortured human beings struggling to speak of the emotions by which they are torn, and finding no words in which to express themselves but the sodden verbiage of the market-place. The letters that wives and husbands write to one another, when they run away with somebody else, are also very definitely stereotyped. Here one traces the influence of a more eminent artist. It is evident that spouses with any tendencies towards infidelity are close students of the manners and language of the Anglo-Indians of Mr. Kipling's "Plain Tales." I cannot remember to have read in any divorce proceedings a single published letter that was in the least distinguished in matter or style, or that was anything more than an object of anthropological curiosity.

* * *

One letter only of all that find their way, through one channel or another, to the newspapers has ever moved my imagination. It is a last communication from a poor man who killed himself in despair because his wife had deserted him. Here it is:

No wish to die. One of the best of sports, which they all knew. Not in the wrong, the boys will tell you. This . . . at Palmer's Green has sneaked my wife, one of the best in the world. My wife, the first love in the world.

For me these are some of the most moving and tragic words ever written. They are a simple, direct and completely adequate expression of an intolerable pain. Coming upon them suddenly in the midst of the miscellaneous paragraphs of the newspaper, one felt ashamed to have thus idly intruded upon something so agonizingly and genuinely human.

AUTOLYCUS.

On Wednesday, June 16, and the two following days, Messrs. Sotheby sold printed books from various sources, the following being the most important: A. Bonpland, *Description des Plantes rares, cultivées à Malmaison et à Navarre*, 1813, £56. *Redouté, Les Liliacées*, 8 vols., 1802-16, £160; *Les Roses*, 3 vols., 1817-24, £165. J. J. Audubon, *Birds of America*, 155 coloured plates only, 1827-30, £100. La Fontaine, *Fables Choieses*, 4 vols., 1755-9, £90. Piranesi, *Works*, 16 vols., £130. Hakluyt, *The Principal Navigations, etc.*, 3 vols. in 2, 1599-1600, £69. Keats, *Poems*, 1817, £146.

NOVELS IN BRIEF

NO. 7, SAVILLE SQUARE. By Wm. Le Queux. (Ward & Lock. 7s. net.)

IRISH STEW. By Dorothea Conyers. (Skeffington. 8s. 6d. net.)
BECK OF BECKFORD. By M. E. Francis. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

VERE. By L. G. Moberly. (Ward & Lock. 7s. net.)

TEMPERAMENT. By Dolf Wyllarde. (Stanley Paul. 7s. 6d. net.)

NONE of the five novels on this list can, we think, be classified as "best-sellers." But they are all the work of authors who have attained a definite measure of popularity, and who, in a phrase usually consecrated to the late Mr. Garvice, "know how to tell a story."

Alone among the five, Mr. Le Queux, the sole representative of the worthier gender, may be said to enjoy equal popularity with male as with female readers—detective literature, with its concentration on material rather than sentimental problems, having, as is well known, a strong appeal for the normal masculine mind. "No. 7 Saville Square" is a fair specimen of the author's usual methods. It lacks that lucidity and coherence which distinguish the annals of Sherlock Holmes. Still, a haunted house, a gang of high-class thieves, and a mysterious murder followed by the resuscitation of the person murdered are obviously valuable assets, and will be found not unproductive of thrills.

We consider Miss Conyers a standing example of the penalty which attends successful specialization. She specialized with success in Irish sporting-life, and henceforth has been virtually forbidden to set her stage elsewhere than in Ireland, or to present any actors whose souls are not utterly absorbed in sport. Naturally, she resents this limitation, and of the short tales here collected under a decidedly misleading title, a large number are devoted to the detective adventures of one Archibald Jones, employed by a London firm of jewellers. They show an appreciable amount of ingenuity, and Mr. Jones himself (so far as he goes) may be considered an original creation. The distinctively Irish tales give, on the whole, a rather painful impression of pot-boiling. Some few are throughout written, narrative as well as dialogue, in the brogue—a device which, in our view, lays an undue strain on the reader's attention.

Mrs. Blundell is a writer of altogether different calibre from the two preceding. Yet she also has her special themes, which reappear, with more or less regularity, in each successive novel, notably dialect (of one sort or another) and the Roman Catholic religion. Beck of Beckford is a baronet representing one of the oldest families in England, but reduced to extreme poverty, mainly through the devotion of his ancestors to the ancient Faith. The elder members of the household, living farmer-fashion and speaking broad Lancashire, yet cherishing high, or rather Quixotic, ideals of the obligations imposed by birth, make a striking picture. More conventional lines are followed in the character and history of the youthful hero, and his successive love-affairs with a transatlantic heiress (frivolous variety) and a golden-hearted English maid.

"Vere" may be accurately described as "a thoroughly pleasant story," but it has qualities not always included in that smugly patronizing definition. The situation, which centres in a loss-of-memory motif, is well imagined, and, in some of its details, original; while the characters at least suggest people in real life, and talk easily, and sometimes with humour.

We scarcely need the label "Temperament," a word which, like "mistress," has now sunk irretrievably in the scale, to divine on what factor Miss Wyllarde is likely to rely for holding the attention of her public. Yet it would be unjust to regard her as wholly dependent on this kind of attraction. She has gifts, both for description and dialogue, which were perhaps seen to most advantage in her first novel "The Story of Eden," but have never been entirely lacking to her subsequent work. Our familiarity, however, with this author's constant preoccupation is an impediment to taking her study of the artistic nature so seriously as we could wish. We have no initial difficulty in granting that artists may be supremely unpleasant people. But we cannot help recalling a long string of previous and non-artistic heroines quite as "temperamental" as Joan Delamere, who devotes such energy as she can spare from her amorous obsessions to composing anthems, cantatas, and finally opera.

LORD MOSTYN'S MSS.

THE sale of the Mostyn MSS. by Messrs. Sotheby on Tuesday next, the 13th inst., is another example of the rich treasures which still lie hidden in English private libraries. The collection comprises some 127 MSS. of all ages from the 10th or 11th to the 17th centuries, and includes a number of the first importance. They are for the most part English in origin.

Lot 1 is an early 13th-century Alfred of Rivaux, with ornamental initials, and therefore probably not a Cistercian MS.; Lot 2 an Anticlaudian, MSS. of which are fairly rare. Lot 4 is an illuminated account of the trial in 1332 of Robert III. of Artois, whose struggles for his heritage caused great trouble in France and ultimately led to Edward III.'s assuming the crown of France. The "damoiselle de dijon" of the catalogue is a demoiselle "divion" who was burned in connection with a charge of magic against Philip VI., when Robert was obliged to escape to England disguised as a merchant. Lot 5 is a 13th-century English MS. of Bede's historical works. Next follow three Latin Bibles—one early 14th-century very finely executed. Lot 9 is an exceedingly beautiful MS. of Laurent de Premierfait's version of Boccaccio, "des clerks et nobles femmes," made in 1409. The MS. is a little later. Among the illuminations is a fine one of an artist painting her own portrait from a mirror. There are two other MSS. of Boccaccio in Italian—one the "Fiametta," very rare. Lot 12, Bour's "Croniques du Pay de Vuaud" to 1260, appears to be unknown. Lot 17, a Cartulary of Sottesbrook and Bastelden (15th century), should be important. Lot 18, wrongly put "Jean Chantier," is Jean Chartier's own translation of his official Chronicle of the kings of France. He died about 1470, and this MS. may have been executed under his personal supervision. The coat of arms of the owner is very characteristic, and can easily be traced: the bend sinister checky fixes it at once. Lot 22 is a 13th-century French illuminated Gospel of St. Luke. Lot 24, the Zacharias Chrysopolitanus (12th century), must be a very early translation from the Greek, as he died in 1157. Lot 27 is a Florentine Chronicle; and Lot 28 an early 15th-century vellum MS. of Dante, nearly complete, which seems to have been obtained in Italy in the eighteenth century. Lot 33 is another very valuable MS., the Chandos Herald's "La Vie et des Faits d'armes dun tres noble Prince de Galles." Only one MS. of this poem, which has been three times printed, has hitherto been known—that in Worcester College; and as this appears to be in another dialect, it is of the highest importance, especially as the Life of the Black Prince ranks as an independent authority for several years of our history. Lot 38, an English 14th-century vellum MS. of Euclid, is interesting. The Robert Brynkley who wrote his name and the date 1487 in Greek characters only adds to the mystery about the Minister General of the English Franciscans who was incorporated D.D. at Oxford (40 years later) a year or two before he took the degree at Cambridge, and who was also a Greek scholar. Lot 39 is a 10th-century Gospels from Thorney Abbey; Lot 40 a curious, English, 12th-century Gospels with illuminations showing Rhenish influences; and Lot 41 a French illuminated Gospels of the same century. Lots 44 and 45 are two illuminated Froissarts of the most superb type. Lot 40 was probably illuminated for Thomas Holland, Earl of Kent, and was given by Thos. Buckhurst to Sir William Cecil. Lots 50 and 51 are two fine Renaissance MSS. of Herodian and Jerome. Lot 52 is a part of the "Histoire des Rois de France," probably Primat's Histoire de Philippe Auguste, 1189-1223. If so, it is perhaps more imperfect than the catalogue presumes. It is a very fine specimen of French 14th-century work. There are 9 illuminated Horæ of the 14th and 15th centuries, some of them exceptionally fine. Lot 68 is a Lapidary in English. Lots 73 to 77 are MSS. of Lydgate. Lot 73 is "The Fall of Prynces"; 74, "The Life of Saint Edmund" in a hand very like that of the B.M. MS. of the "Secrees," and illuminated; 75 and 76, "The Life of the Virgin"; 77, "The Siege of Thebes." These MSS. should be in a University Library. Lot 79 is de Lyra's Postilla on the Minor Prophets, illustrated with diagrams showing how the sun moved in the vision of Ezekiel. Lot 84 is an original play of Anthony Munday, "John a Kent and John a Cumber," which has been the subject of considerable discussion. A finely illustrated copy of the catalogue may be obtained, price 7s. 6d.

LITERARY GOSSIP

My pleasure in receiving from Messrs. Heinemann a new edition of Mr. George Moore's "Esther Waters," which has long been out of print, is somewhat diminished because the special preface I had expected turns out to be a brief epistle dedicatory to Mr. T. W. Rolleston. Mr. George Moore's mature criticism of a book that was in a certain sense epoch-making was something to look forward to. But this is ungracious: I am very glad to have this new edition.

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"Wayfarer's" hint in *The Nation* of the nature of Mr. Shaw's new volume, which he describes as "a collection of five plays with the man of 30,000 years hence as its subject," is intriguing. A new volume by Mr. Shaw is one of the few literary pleasures we may count on with certainty. I wonder when we shall have a really adequate literary criticism of his work. The reviewers are always enthusiastically for or furiously against his "ideas." To me they are a minor affair. Mr. Shaw's business has always been to knock down Aunt Sallies rather than to set them up.

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But what I desire to see properly handled is Mr. Shaw's prose. The present neglect of it is to me ludicrous; one not very characteristic passage was smuggled into Mr. Logan Pearsall Smith's recent "Treasury of English Prose." Yet for vivacity and closeness of texture it is second to none in our day. If I had not grown too old for fury, furious would be my reply to the superior persons who refer to it condescendingly as "journalism." For what is amazing about it is that it is "journalism" and first-class prose. Whenever I begin to feel at all uppish about my own productions, I take down "Dramatic Essays and Opinions"—a very cold-douche to self-satisfaction.

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Indeed, I spent the last week-end in this salutary occupation. One or two points struck me. First, that Mr. Shaw was over forty when he wrote the articles. His youth and vigour seem so perennial that I, who was not old enough to read the *Saturday Review* in those palmy days, had quite forgotten that Mr. Shaw was born in 1856. Then two questions suggested themselves. Why has Mr. Shaw's brilliant Shakespeare criticism (exaggerated, but, oh, so sound) never received adequate recognition? And has the condition of the London theatre really improved at all since Mr. Shaw lavished his pains upon it?

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Pat to the moment comes an extract from Mr. Shaw's contribution to the biography of Sir Herbert Tree, which Messrs. Hutchinson are about to publish. Mr. Shaw, who suffered many things at the hands of the great actor-manager, says: "Tree did not know what a stage manager was, just as he did not know what an author was. He had not even made up his mind any too definitely what an actor was. If he had not been so amusing, so ingenuous and so entirely well-intentioned, he would have driven me crazy. What Tree could do was always entertaining in some way or other. But for better or worse, it was hardly ever what the author meant him to do. Tree should have written his own plays. He could have done so. The cure for the disease of actor-managership is actor-author-managership."

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I hear rumours of a new literary and artistic monthly magazine. Mr. Lovat Fraser is, according to my information, to be closely connected with the artistic direction of it. But what particularly excites my curiosity is the report that it is to be honoured by a serial story of a very unusual kind by Mr. Walter de la Mare. On the face of it this promises to be an event of real literary importance.

Whether the late Remy de Gourmont has the readers and admirers in this country that one of the very finest of French critics deserves, is doubtful. But there are certainly a few, and these will be glad to learn that his friends have combined to publish a quarterly miscellany devoted to him under the title *Imprimerie Gourmontienne*. This will contain de Gourmont's letters, his unpublished MSS., critical studies of his work and a complete bibliography. The yearly subscription is 15 francs, and the address of the publication, 71, rue des Saints-Pères, Paris.

* * * *

I should have been prepared for what was coming when the writer of a note on Thomas Hardy's birthday in the current *Mercure de France* began by insisting upon the French extraction of our greatest author. (He is descended, according to the French writer, from a certain Clément le Hardy who lived at the end of the fifteenth century.) But I am still a little staggered by his assertion that "Hardy's women are more French than English." Hitherto I was under the impression that they were among the most deeply English creations of our literature. And seeing that the French writer has apparently not heard of "Tess" or of Hardy's poetry, I have some excuse for refusing to admit his authority.

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I am rather surprised by the announcement which Messrs. Cassell have sent me that they will publish Mr. H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" on September 2, in one complete volume, at one guinea. Though I am delighted that the book should be obtainable at this price—our readers will remember our opinion of it—I think it very unfair to those who have been induced to purchase half the book for 22s. 6d. that they should now be told that the whole book, "with revisions so extensive as to amount practically to the rewriting of certain sections," is to be sold for a guinea. I cannot help thinking that they ought to have been warned that they were buying on a falling market.

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The inauguration of a memorial tablet to Roger Bacon on the site of the Franciscan graveyard in Oxford in 1917 passed unnoticed during the war. It is on the wall at the end of King's Terrace in the parish of St. Ebbe's, and bears in Latin and English the inscription: "Roger Bacon Philosophus insignis Doctor Mirabilis Qui methodo experimentalis Scientiæ fines mirifice protulit Post vitam longam strenuam indefessum Prope hunc locum Inter Franciscanos suos In Christo obdormivit A.S. MCCXCII." This year the annual memorial service with an appropriate Latin office was held at the spot on June 11.

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A correspondent to *N. & Q.* quotes at second-hand "a high medical authority" for the statement that Dickens, in his description of the last illness of Mrs. Skewton, "actually anticipated the clinical researches of Dax, Broca and Jackson on the connection of right hemiplegia with aphasia." I see no reason to doubt it. Dostoevsky made a somewhat similar anticipation in the case of Ivan Karamazov's dream, which was corroborated from the purely medical point of view by Dr. Blagonravov. Dostoevsky's reply to him is the last letter in the volume of his correspondence. Of the two anticipations I should say that Dostoevsky's was the more remarkable. That of Dickens could only have been a happy guess. Dostoevsky's was the result of imaginative introspection.

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"Winnere and Wastoure," an alliterative poem of the fourteenth century, edited by Sir Israel Gollancz, will be published immediately by Mr. Humphrey Milford in the series of "Select Early English Poems." This remarkable poem deals with social and economic problems in England during the French wars and after the Black Death.

Science BIFFENISM

I RECENTLY had the good fortune to be one of a party conducted over the University Farm at Cambridge to see the progress of the experiments in agricultural breeding there being carried on. In passing, I wonder what proportion of educated people know that both Oxford and Cambridge possess their own farms. To most of them the ancient Universities are homes of polite letters, sport, academic Science and embryo politics. If men want to be practical, they must leave the University for the great world. They may receive a grounding there for careers in law, medicine, engineering, forestry; but it remains a grounding only, and an academic grounding. It would be interesting to conduct a group of journalists or statesmen over the forest plantations of Bagley, with its peeps of Oxford spires, or the Cambridge University farm, with King's Chapel showing not a mile away, while students were engaged in practical work.

But the farm is not only a place whither undergraduates reading agriculture in Cambridge come for the practical supplement to their theoretical education. It is a centre of research of the highest importance to our national agriculture, and, indeed, to our national prosperity. Here, for nearly a score of years, Professor Biffen and his associates have been working on the improvement, first of wheat, then of other cereals, then of potatoes and other crops. Their work was made possible by the rediscovery of Mendel's principles. Through them these principles will in another fifty years be written on the face of the English country-side. As all the world now knows, Mendel and his successors have shown that any race of animals or plants is, in the long run, the sum of a number of separately inheritable characters, each of them (speaking roughly) corresponding to a definite unit of the germinal constitution. These units can, by the proper crosses (often tedious and laborious enough), be combined, separated, re-combined, or eliminated to suit the breeder's pleasure; so that if we are willing to take the trouble to find out what factors occur among the different races or breeds of a plant, we can combine the most desirable into a new and superior race.

At Cambridge, for instance, a definite problem of this sort is in process of solution. In wheat we want to produce a strain which shall give the heaviest yield per acre. Professor Biffen told us that he was concerned with one aim alone—to help British agriculture; to do that, he uses the Mendelian tools forged for him by research. Yield per acre is his aim, and yield of the best sort of grain. Yield can be increased either by using a strain which produces more grains to the ear; or by eliminating the loss due to disease—chiefly rust and mildew; or by more intensive cultivation.

Yield of grain per ear has been under investigation for a long time; but as it is easily influenced by external conditions, it is hard to pin it down to definite factors. There is evidence, however, that, like egg-production in fowls and milk-production in cattle, it is due to one or more Mendelian factors; a few years more and we shall have it by the heels.

The yield of English wheat suffers enormously through yellow rust and through mildew. Investigation of strains from all over the world has led to the discovery of a single one which is immune to rust, another which is immune to mildew. Immunity to rust is a simple recessive, to mildew a simple dominant. Thus, if we are willing, we can abolish all loss from these diseases in a few years.

Then English farmers are afraid of intensive cultivation, since heavily-nourished plants tend to get laid by rain. Professor Biffen hunts Canada and Russia and the Argentine

for stiff straw, discovers it, analyses its genetics, and introduces it into his synthetic strain. So with what is known as strength—the quality of gluten in the grain that makes for light white bread; he takes the Canadian wheats and grafts their "strong" characters on to the heavy-cropping English breeds. In parenthesis, the test for the gluten-quality is, on a large scale, milling and baking. On a small scale this is, of course, not practicable, and chewing the wheat-grains for twenty minutes, with test of the resultant pellet of gluten, is the only satisfactory method. Here will be a use for some of the fifty American research students whom Cambridge expects next year! Be it noted that the introduction of hardness into our wheats would mean an additional £1 or thereabouts per acre to the farmer.

The methods are interesting. At the first a few selected plants are crossed. The first-generation offspring, and some again of their progeny (English wheat is self-fertilizing), are grown in special wire cages. In the F₂, or second generation, and still more in F₃, pure strains from the impure crosses are picked out, and in F₄ and F₅ are grown on a large scale to see how they stand agricultural conditions.

So with barley and oats. Pure strains from China, from America, from England, are sown side by side. The variations that have cropped up accidentally in all the various regions of the globe are analysed, and, on this alchemical plot of land, synthesized into new and more effective combinations.

In potatoes search has been made for strains immune to the wart disease, a pest which is spreading in this country, and may help to make some of us hungrier than we should like, unless the offensive of Biffenism succeeds, as it promises to.

Remarkable in another aspect is the economic position of the farm. The research workers are, as they should be, paid by the University and the Colleges. But otherwise the farm is self-supporting. It supports itself by selling seed-corn to farmers, and will, no doubt, supplement this by the sale of potatoes. In any case, it is not an academic beggar living on promise.

Professor Biffen is a retiring man. He does not write much, even in scientific journals. But he knows what he wants, and he gets it, though at the cost of long laborious years. The underlying principles of Mendelism, so far as they are known, are simple enough; but the practical application of what is known to particular ends demands as much thought and labour as does the extension of what is known by pure research. Professor Biffen's particular aim is to apply Mendelism to the benefit of humanity in general and British agriculture in particular. Five hundred years hence Lloyd George will survive in characters of printer's ink in history-books, but Biffen in characters of living green and ripening gold on English fields.

J. H.

LEPLAY HOUSE, the new home of the Sociological Society at 65, Belgrave Road, S.W.1, was officially opened on June 29. The entry of the Society into its new quarters, after a period of diminished activity during the war, is an earnest of the efforts of a few members of its Council to restore it to the position it occupied among the learned societies during the first half decade of its existence, from 1904 to 1909. It is likewise an attempt to take up in Great Britain, through the *Sociological Review*, the organ of the Society, the work of sociological discussion, analysis and construction which the sociologists of the Continent have been compelled to drop as a result of the war. The Society aims to provide intellectually a common ground—and a common meeting-place—upon which all workers who are concerned with social phenomena, either as students or as practitioners, may come together. An effort is being made to build up an Index Museum and a working library of sociological studies which will guide the student to the resources at hand in the great laboratory of London. Membership is open to all who are interested in sociological studies.

Fine Arts

INDIGENOUS AMERICAN ART

THE exhibitions organized by the Burlington Fine Arts Club generally surprise one by their revelations of how many people there are in this country who, without being well known in the world of connoisseurship, have managed to collect works of art often of a little known and little appreciated kind. There has never been much of a boom in early American art in this country. It is doubtful if considerations of snobbism would have ever pushed anyone to the purchase of Nasca pottery or Maya sculpture, and yet from these small private collections the committee of the Burlington Fine Arts Club has been able to get together an exhibition which is fairly representative of the main phases of Indigenous American Art of both continents. And this collection is not of merely ethnographical and cultural interest; there are many works which have an aesthetic importance for us now that we are learning by the method of comparison something of the universal principles of design.

I doubt if the art of the American Indians ever attains to the highest levels of imaginative expression. I doubt, for instance, whether we have anything like as much to learn from it as we have from Negro sculpture. One compares it instinctively with that, for though the Mayas and the Peruvians had an incomparably more complete civilization than the African negroes ever managed to build up, they remained almost at the same mechanical disadvantage as what we call savages. From that point of view they remained practically in the Stone Age, and therefore, although their political and social organization had the fixity and the historical self-consciousness of a high civilization, their art had at once the advantages and disadvantages of primitive technical methods. Indeed, the fact that they never discovered the potter's wheel nor possessed bronze tools distinguishes them sharply from the earliest and most primitive civilizations of Europe and Asia.

The great and most obvious artistic advantage that this mechanical incompetence gives is respect of the material. It is this that strikes us at once in the Burlington Fine Arts Club gallery. Whether the object be in stone, earthenware or gold and silver, the substance is never denatured by the craftsman. His slow, patient and laborious workmanship only brings into full prominence the essential beauties of the matter itself. For one thing, he never controlled it enough to play tricks with it; and for another, his long struggle to make matter yield to the impress of his idea gave him a familiarity with it and a corresponding love of its essential qualities. In the art of our own civilization at a very early stage the craftsman got ahead of the artist, and only by a deliberate effort of a pure aesthetic conscience was it possible to control, and that rarely for long, his irrepressible virtuosity. In America there was no such conflict. Only a very clearly comprehended formal conception had the power to overcome the reluctance of the material. It is in this quality of beauty of *matière* that one feels instinctively the likeness between early American and African art. That the Mexicans and Peruvians attained a much higher civilization in other respects makes the comparison the more curious and interesting. On the one hand, the religious and social conceptions which the artist was called upon to express had far more fixity and complexity, and this would be likely to enable the artist to produce more ambitious monuments and to realize his sensibility more completely; on the other hand, the rigidity of the religious and social system tended to stereotype his invention and limit his perception of life. And this is, in fact, what we find; for the American artists, particularly

in Mexico, tended always to fall into a system of decorative symbolism. But besides this, I doubt whether under any conditions they would ever have attained to the extraordinary plastic sensibility of the negroes. They lacked, too, that curious sense which enables the negro to create an illusion of life in almost everything which he does. American art is at once more intellectually conscious, more deliberate and less vital. When, dropping their religious symbolism, they are directly inspired by life, as in the case of the Peruvian pots in human shapes, they approach it with a rather vulgarly humorous sentiment curiously like that of our later Gothic sculptors and miniaturists.

There are a few Peruvian terra-cotta heads in Case M which show a more delicate and intimate feeling for expressive form, but perhaps the most vital works are the rare examples of Tarascan art, notably the seated figure (Case D, No. 8). The finest of the early Maya work, such as the colossal head, Stand H, have also a real plastic quality. One notes, by the by, that in the treatment of the human head the bony structure of the skull is very clearly apprehended, and in fact the Mexican religion saw to it that the human skull was a sufficiently familiar object to the artist. But in spite of these undoubted evidences of a genuine plastic feeling, one may say that as a rule the artists of America were inclined to fall either into a descriptive literalism or, what so often goes with that, an empty and purely decorative symbolism.

As regards pottery, those conditions which led, as we saw, to the superb elaboration of resistant materials such as schist and diorite no longer hold, though even here the absence of so simple a mechanism as the potter's wheel implied the impress of the artist's sensibility in every part of the surface; and it is in this branch of art that the most perfect works were produced.

Judging by what we see before us in this collection, it would be hard to say whether the first place belongs to the early Maya pottery or to those of the Proto-Chimu culture, or even, as regards sheer dignity of style and beauty of proportion, to the two specimens of Tiahuanaco II. ware (Case P, Nos. 17 and 20).

The Proto-Chimu bowl (Case O, No. 6) is as perfect in its way as any piece of European or Asiatic pottery. It shows perhaps rather than great creative power a singular purity and exquisiteness of taste. Indeed, in general, one feels that the Southern Americans had a more sympathetic and delicate feeling than the Mexicans, in whom a greater vigour of creative effort is apparent. The early Maya pottery is perhaps not quite so perfect in the quality of its material as the best Proto-Chimu pieces, but the decoration is applied with a perfect sense of proportion, and in one or two cases, notably the bowl with four manatee (Case J, No. 26), the drawing has intense vitality. The pottery beaker (Case K) is evidently the result of a highly conscious and deliberate artistic ambition. The form of the beaker, in spite of its apparent simplicity, is realized with great subtlety of feeling, and the applied design, though it has not the vigorous vitality of the manatee bowl, is singularly elegant and is comparable with, though I think it surpasses, the drawing of the Greek vase-painters of the classic period.

ROGER FRY.

FROM the Earthworks Committee of the Congress of Archaeological Societies comes a report which should arouse public indignation. Willington camp, near Bedford, a singularly interesting memorial of the Danes who constructed it, has suffered irreparable damage, notwithstanding "the fact that the owner is a member of Parliament." A roadway has ruined the outer ditch; a railway and a railway station have largely obliterated the vallum and outworks. Finally, the camp "was handed over for allotments to the owner's constituents. Any interest he had in its preservation was not likely to be exerted very strongly against the desire of the allotment-holders to cultivate their plots untrammelled by having to respect a few old banks and ditches."

EXHIBITIONS OF THE WEEK

ALPINE CLUB GALLERY.—The Friday Club.

LEICESTER GALLERIES.—Cartoons and Water-Colours by Edmund Dulac.—Water-Colours by the late Alfred Parsons, R.A., P.R.W.S.

ART WORKERS' GUILD HALL.—Works by Ettore Cosomati.

A FEW years ago, when the Impressionist influence was at its height, the great majority of pictures in any English exhibition were painted direct from nature. The portrait painters selected a chance attitude of their sitters and tried to create the impression that they had transferred it to canvas in a single sitting. Landscape painters set out in the early spring, armed with complicated apparatus for fixing large canvases to portable easels and fixing the portable easels into uneven ground firmly enough to resist a gale of wind. All this is now very largely a thing of the past. The sitter to a modern artist is not instructed to fidget about until he strikes a happy attitude or suggests a pleasant effect of light. He must leave his initiative downstairs with his umbrella and place himself unreservedly in the hands of the artist, who will probably make one or two drawings of the structure—not the appearance—of his head, and paint the portrait afterwards from the drawings. In the same way the modern landscape painter usually contents himself with a sketch-book or drawing-board of modest dimensions when making notes or studies from nature, and paints the picture subsequently in his studio. This reversal of the Impressionist practice, which is, of course, at the same time a return to the methods of earlier painters, is very noticeable at the new exhibition of the Friday Club, where many of the pictures are clearly painted from drawings and sketches. The method has certain very important advantages. The artist who stands in front of a white canvas with a drawing by his side enjoys a mental freedom and detachment impossible when he stands face to face with nature. He has already accomplished the preliminary tasks of interpretation and selection; he has fought out his battle with his subject and torn from it the pictorial aspect of his choice. He is now free to concentrate on the structure and execution of the actual picture, to make it at once an epitome of a special experience and a thing of intrinsic beauty. Confronted with nature, the artist cannot avoid comparing his work with the phenomena which it employs or upon which it is based, and there is a temptation to derive satisfaction from resemblances in appearance. In the studio the painting must be judged entirely on its merits as a picture—as a separate entity with a life of its own. The danger of the method consists in the difficulty of revisualizing the selected phenomena from the notes made on the spot. If the artist's memory fails we get a mechanical copy of a drawing or an enlargement which is often lifeless because it necessarily demands more details and variety than are provided in the small sketch, or because the translation into oil paint has lost the vitality imparted to the drawing by the white ground of the paper.

Many pictures at the Friday Club are replicas or enlargements of this sort, and they strike us in consequence as a little mechanical, cold or empty. There are certainly few works here which have the warmth and freshness of Mr. Paul Nash's drawings "Sudden Storm" and "The Wind in the Beeches," which are evidently painted from nature. By this we do not, of course, mean to suggest that Mr. Nash's drawings in any way approximate to the regulation Impressionist sketch or water-colour note of a "picturesque bit." They are based very intimately on nature, but the forms are nevertheless conventionalized into symbols which make up a genuine pictorial arabesque. What gives the warmth and freshness is the fact that each symbol is evolved directly in front of the phenomenon at a moment when the artist was under its influence. Mr. Ethelbert White's "The Railway Bridge," Mr. John Nash's "Dismembered Wood, Gerard's Cross," and Mr. Keith Baynes' "Landscape," interesting and able as they are in many ways, are still, we feel, painted very much in cold blood, a state in which only the very greatest masters can create an emotional appeal. There is more warmth in Mr. Darsie Japp's Spanish landscape and in Mr. Seabrook's "In Epping Forest," the latter being the most moving work we have yet seen from his brush. Of Mr. Nevinson it is always difficult to speak because the diversity and inequality of his output is very disconcerting, and because he has a

widespread reputation which induces many critics to judge his work by standards which should be more properly reserved for more mature artists. Estimated by standards normally applicable to men of his age, he takes his place and holds his own in his generation, which is still on the threshold of its main achievement. His attitude to life is quite obvious. He is ready to accept impressions from all sides without prejudice. But his attitude to art is less clearly defined. We often miss in his productions any evidence of that fixed artistic purpose and unity of direction which make the work of his best contemporaries so stimulating and relatively satisfactory, and we are beginning to feel that it is time Mr. Nevinson really made up his mind about art.

Space forbids appreciation of many other works in a collection which abounds in serious experiments, and includes also excellent and characteristic paintings by such justly esteemed artists as Professor Rothenstein, Mr. F. H. S. Shepherd, Mr. Adeney and Mr. Ginner, a charming drawing by Mr. Rutherford, an elaborate Slade School composition by Miss Gladys Hynes, and some attractive pottery designed and executed by Alfred H. and Louise Powell.

Mr. Edmund Dulac is an extremely clever artist whose work shows an almost Oriental precision of touch and perfection of execution. His style as an illustrator is, indeed, much influenced by Persian and Indian miniatures, and though for this reason undeniably hybrid, it is still something more interesting than mere pseudo-Orientalism. The coloured drawings illustrating Hodder & Stoughton's edition of "Tanglewood Tales," now on exhibition in the Leicester Galleries, are admirable in technical manipulation, and we can but regret that so much of the astonishing variety of surface is inevitably lost in the reproductions. They contain, moreover, passages of real pictorial imagination. But the *ensemble* remains in nearly every case fundamentally literary and derivative. Recently Mr. Dulac has made incursions into the field of caricature, in which he has found an outlet for his refined calligraphic sense, and the expression of a point of view on passing events which, though not very original, is presumably sincere and occasionally funny. His exhibition contains a number of these caricatures, which have appeared, we believe, in the *Outlook*, and are well above the average level of English political cartoons.

The entrance hall of the Leicester Galleries is hung with water-colours by the late Alfred Parsons, R.A., P.R.W.S. Drawings of this type are out of favour with the younger artists, and, in our opinion, justly so. We hope that the numerous lady amateurs who emulate this type of achievement will soon realize that it is really not worth while.

A collection of etchings, woodcuts and oil paintings by Ettore Cosomati was arranged last week in the Art Workers' Guild Hall, Queen's Square. Mr. Cosomati is mainly interested in the aspects of nature revealed in the Swiss Alps among which he lives, and he approaches his subject with considerable vigour. The woodcut, "Rain on the Lake of Zurich," and the still-life paintings of flowers, augur well for the more comprehensive exhibition of his works which he announces for the autumn.

R. H. W.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF ART

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION has appointed Professor William Rothenstein to be Principal of the Royal College of Art, South Kensington, in succession to the late Sir Edward Poynter. We understand, moreover, that the Board has taken the opportunity of transferring to other hands a proportion of the routine administrative work formerly attached to the office.

Professor Rothenstein belongs to the revolutionary generation of Conder, Steer and Augustus John, which fought many a stiff battle for its convictions, and won finally in spite of opposition and abuse. He is young enough to remember the incidents of the fight, and there is no man in England better equipped to advise the new generation which is now engaged in a similar struggle. At the same time he is old enough to have seen the rise and fall of many reputations and to be able to draw the appropriate inferences.

The Royal College is to be congratulated on the acquisition of a Principal who has a most distinguished record as an artist and wide knowledge of the world, and who should be able to strike the required balance between Academic and Revolutionary standards.

R. H. W.

Music

AN INTERPRETATION OF CHOPIN

CHOPIN is the one common ground on which all pianists meet. Every pianist, whatever else he plays, plays Chopin, and every pianist thinks that he alone possesses the secret of his interpretation. Chopin holds an absolutely unique place in their artistic sensibilities. They may allow a friendly critic, perhaps, to discuss their reading of Beethoven or Debussy, but Chopin is sacred—that is, their particular idea of Chopin is sacred, it must not be touched. With other composers there may be room for argument and reason; Chopin we play by the pure inward light of inspiration. And there can be no doubt about the inspiration, for just as the seventy Greek translators of the Bible independently produced an absolutely identical version, so you may listen to seventy pianists playing Chopin, and the result will all be much of a muckmess. At any rate, the ordinary interpretation of Chopin seems extremely ordinary when one listens to Chopin as played by Busoni. And most pianists seem to be agreed that whatever merits Busoni may have as an interpreter of Bach, Beethoven and Liszt, there can be no question that his idea of Chopin is, to say the least of it, incomprehensible.

It must be admitted that Busoni is more difficult to understand in Chopin than in any other composer. Busoni is never a player for beginners in the art of listening; but it is not surprising that those who hear him for the first time find his Chopin positively detestable. The plain fact is that the more experience we have had in listening to music the less likely we are to come to a concert with a really open mind. It is possible that some humble souls are willing to think that a great pianist may be able to throw new lights on the difficulties of Bach and Beethoven. There is an intellectual element in Bach and Beethoven, an appeal to reason, however reluctant we may be to respond to it. But Chopin! whoever thought of considering Chopin in the dry light of reason?

Yet we have all revised our judgments about Chopin during the last twenty years or so. We no longer regard him as morbid and effeminate. Most musicians would agree that of all the Romantic group Chopin was undoubtedly the greatest. It is a matter of common observation that Chopin still dominates our programmes when the names of Weber, Mendelssohn and Schumann are almost forgotten. Chopin is in fact our last link with the Romantics. Weber, the most romantic of all, has lapsed into so remote an oblivion that he seems almost as piquantly unreal as Couperin. With Chopin there does just reach us a last faint breath of still warm Romanticism as we hold the mirror before the lips of a sinking *sylphide*. Our only hope of saving that precious rapture is to play Chopin with absolute sincerity of faith, eschewing reason, restraining passion, lest his delicate fabric be petrified by the one or lacerated by the other.

And over all of us there seems still to hang a certain traditional attitude to music that has come from our remote Victorian youth. We learned the pianoforte, we were told, to play to our parents in the evening. The first requirement was a soft and delicate touch that should gently stimulate the conversation of our elders, not disturb it. It should, at a later stage of the evening, induce slumber. Ridiculous as it may seem, we are most of us still haunted by the memory of this inhibition. Are not prizes awarded to our young poets for being "soothers of the sorrowful"? We cannot help associating music—especially in the after-luncheon atmosphere of our concert-rooms—with tired eyelids upon tired eyes. That is one of the reasons why Busoni's interpretation of Chopin is

so rudely disturbing to our normal habit of mind. It is, to begin with, too powerful in tone. It matters not that his tone, as it becomes louder, becomes always more beautiful in quality. It offends against that instinctive feeling of every well-bred Englishman that music, like clothes and conversation, should be subdued and unobtrusive. And an English audience feels this the more acutely in the case of Chopin, because, as I have said, Chopin is the composer whom it approaches essentially with instinctive feeling.

We English people are Latin by education, by sentiment Teutonic. It is from the Romans, the Italians and the French that we have for centuries derived our methods of thinking. When we form a consciously intellectual judgment, we are for the moment Latin; when we allow ourselves to be guided by sentiment alone, we relapse into our native Teutonism. It is as Teutons, therefore, that we approach Chopin. Busoni is in a certain way the exact opposite of an Englishman. He is Italian by blood, and to some extent German by education. As he grows older he reverts temperamentally more and more to the influences of his father's country. Therefore, in so far as he approaches Chopin instinctively and emotionally, he approaches him from the Italian side. He feels, more intensely than any Englishman could ever do, the Italian quality of Chopin's music. The Italian side is just that side of Chopin which most of us have been taught to regard with contempt. It is almost impossible to persuade an English musician to take Rossini and Bellini seriously. Yet to understand Chopin fully it is not so much the sorrows of Poland that one must learn to appreciate as the nobility and tenderness of Italian melody. And that tradition of Italian melody is at the present day almost completely lost. It is not much good borrowing a vocal score of "Norma" from the library and strumming it over on the pianoforte. Chopin's nocturnes will teach one more about Bellini than Bellini, taken in that form, can teach one about Chopin. It is not much good going to Covent Garden, for it is seldom that such music is to be heard there, let alone singers that can do it justice. I prefer to listen to that venerable Italian musician who plays the euphonium for the entertainment of *matinée* queues, and delivers the tunes of Verdi with a rotundity of phrase that is paralleled only by the courtliness of his manners as he takes round the hat for he recalls to me evenings in Venice or Rome when the town band played a whole act of a classical opera. Cornets and trombones represented the Grisi and the Marios. In the recitatives you could almost hear the words; in the arias an ensemble those brazen throats magnified each phrase of melody until the passion and beauty of it became almost unbearable in its intensity.

Someone in the Wigmore Hall said to me that Busoni made Chopin's nocturnes sound like a cornet solo. It was a happier phrase than the speaker had intended, for it sent my memory off at once to Piazza Colonna. In reality Busoni's playing of Chopin is just like his playing of Weber, of Liszt, of Beethoven or Bach or anyone else. If there is anything wrong with it, it is possibly Chopin's fault, more probably ours. What Busoni does in every case is to bring us closer up to the mind of the composer than we have ever been before. He shows us, as it were, the music as it existed before the notes were ever written down. It is strenuous work to follow him; we have to share in his labour, share in that of the composer; we have to be thinking all the time to grasp the significance of the notes that are there and the notes that are not there. When he plays Beethoven's late sonatas we are to some extent prepared for the experience. It is only in Chopin that we are dazed and baffled by the unfamiliar aspect presented to us. That is the penalty we have to

pay for refusing to regard Chopin intellectually and analytically. We have been afraid to dissect him; we have merely adored him, and for that reason we have never learned to understand him.

EDWARD J. DENT.

COVENT GARDEN: "ORPHÉE"

TWENTY-EIGHT years have passed since Clara Butt sang in opera. One who remembered her first appearance as Orpheus at the Royal College of Music in 1892 said that she sang it far better then than she did the other night. A few years later she was engaged to sing in "Elijah" at a Leeds Festival. The clock struck, the chorus and orchestra were ready to begin. Yet we waited; Sullivan at the conductor's desk screwed his glass into his eye and looked anxiously at the Mayor and Corporation in the balcony. Miss Clara Butt was not on the platform; what was to be done? In the front row of stalls sat Miss Ada Crossley. At a sign from Sullivan she left her seat and came on to the platform to take Clara Butt's place. After the luncheon interval the missing contralto appeared; there had been some misunderstanding as to the hour of the concert, for which she was in no way to blame. It must have been a most annoying situation. The first words which she had to sing were those not of an angel, but of an angry queen; and from that moment I longed to see her as Ortrud.

Orpheus is a part better suited to a *débutante* than to a mature singer. It must be interpreted either with utter simplicity or with that subtlety of understanding which belongs only to the very greatest. Dame Clara Butt's performance at Covent Garden was above all things conscientious. She set an example to all opera singers in the painstaking thoroughness with which she had studied every detail. It was only a pity that she just failed to achieve the art which conceals art. And what a joy to hear a real voice at last in Covent Garden! It was curiously uneven, and chest notes boomed out suddenly in the most unexpected places. But one cannot deny the beauty of its quality, and in certain scenes, notably the scene in Hell and the scene in Elysium, Dame Clara Butt attained a very noble dignity of style.

The rest of the performance was a curious mixture of eccentricity and inefficiency. Gluck's overture being a wretchedly dull piece of music, Sir Thomas Beecham designed an "induction," which, owing to an accident, was not given on the first night. The idea seemed to be that Gluck's "Orpheus" (composed in 1762) should be the opera performed at the marriage festivities of Henry of Navarre and Maria de' Medici, instead of Peri's "Euridice." After the restoration of Eurydice to life a chorus from the Elysium scene was played over again, and the scene finally changed to a baroque palace where the three principals received the congratulations of the royal bride and bridegroom. Taken by itself, this epilogue was extremely effective, and it was a very ingenious solution of an awkward problem. Only if we were to suppose the opera acted in 1600, instead of 1762 or 1920, the style of production should have corresponded more closely with the date. Neither Miss Licette as Eurydice nor Miss Collins as Cupid was up to the standard of the Orpheus. The chorus-singing was extremely poor, and in this particular opera bad chorus-singing is unpardonable. The ballet was mediocre and devoid of any interest; the scenery and dresses, except in the epilogue, for which the scenery of Strauss' "Légende de Joseph" had been borrowed, utterly commonplace. The great scene with the Furies was miserably ineffective; it was very much better done at the Surrey Theatre in the spring.

The performance, in fact, was Clara Butt—in so far as Sir Thomas would allow her to take her own very reasonable *tempi*—and little else. One could only regret that she should have wasted twenty-eight years in singing ballads and oratorios. There are not many great contralto parts in opera. Too often the contralto is a completely subordinate character, and Dame Clara Butt's imposing figure is not very suitable for the parlour-maid in "La Traviata." Yet surely it is worth while undertaking the drudgery of secondary parts for the sake of those few magnificent opportunities. Clara Butt received a great ovation after the performance of "Orpheus." Is this to be her one and only operatic appearance? I hope not.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

AN attractive song and pianoforte recital was given on June 21 by Mr. John Goss and Mr. Edward Mitchell. Mr. Mitchell did not on this occasion confine himself to Scriabin, but played a varied and well-chosen programme with that penetrating intelligence which makes him one of the most interesting of our younger pianists. Mr. John Goss sang some beautiful songs by Peter Warlock in a finished style.

THERE was a wonderful demonstration of enthusiasm at Busoni's concert on June 22, when he appeared as composer, as pianist, and as conductor. The five pieces from his opera "Die Brautwahl" were too fragmentary to give much idea of that work as a whole, but they served to represent the composer in various moods, and prepared the way for his Fantasia on North American Indian melodies for pianoforte and orchestra. The themes themselves are not very remarkable either for beauty or for strangeness. It was Busoni's treatment of them that made the work interesting, and still more interesting were the passages where he left the themes and went off into digressions of singular originality and fascination. As conductor of Liszt's "Faust" Symphony he showed, as one would have expected, a wonderful insight into its beauties, and, while meticulously careful over every detail, gave a broad and lucid presentation of it as an organic whole. The London Symphony Orchestra played superbly.

MISS HELEN ROTHAM deserves the gratitude of young composers for giving a recital of their unpublished songs on June 23. Arthur Bliss, Bernard Van Dieren and Philip Heseltine were among the composers represented. The general tendency of the programme was towards extreme complexity of harmony, resulting in a perpetual slowing-down of the singer's part, which eventually produced a rather soporific effect. But we were shaken into more eager attention by songs of W. T. Walton, which, although harsh and jagged in line, were full of fire and vitality.

MRS. ANNE THURSFIELD, at her recital on June 24, introduced a new song, "Madam Noy," by Arthur Bliss, which was of exceptional interest. It is the tale of a witch and a "black-sailed brig" which she failed to destroy, set to an accompaniment of flute, clarinet, bassoon, viola, double-bass and harp. Mr. Bliss handles this curious combination with brilliant success. He is evidently an admirer of Stravinsky, but never allows the grotesque to become too rampant. The moments of real beauty were rare, but they stood out so as to dominate the whole song. The audience demanded a repetition of the work, which confirmed the impression of its remarkable power and originality.

UNDER the direction of Mr. Barry Jackson and Mr. Appleby Matthews, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre has produced Mozart's opera "Cosi fan tutte." The singers were Miss Doris Watkins (Fiordiligi, for some reason rechristened Isidora), Miss Helen Anderton (Dorabella), Miss Emily Broughton (Despina), Mr. Henry Stone (Ferrando), Mr. Herbert Simmons (Guglielmo—rechristened Graziano) and Mr. Arthur Cranmer (Don Alfonso). Birmingham critics seem to have been delighted with Mozart's music, but shocked at the frivolity of the libretto, although it is one of the most brilliant examples of Da Ponte's wit. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre is to be heartily congratulated on its enterprise; "Cosi fan tutte" is an opera seldom seen in London and as a rule completely misunderstood.

Drama

THE VIRTUE OF VAGUENESS

"I DO not give alms," spake Zarathustra; "I am not poor enough for that." Is it too late for the British Drama League to consider the advisability of adopting some such utterance to indicate what is absent from its future policy? We ask this with confidence, for the Drama League is the youngest, and therefore the most pliant, of those organizations which have arisen out of a profound dissatisfaction with the state of the play and the player, the public meeting held in the Haymarket Theatre on Friday, June 25, marking its first birthday. A manifesto has declared the object of the League to be the encouragement of dramatic art, "both for its own sake and as a means of intelligent recreation among all classes of the community." In the first part of the declaration there is, superficially, little to distinguish the organization from even its youngest elders, little that is arrestingly fresh. But if we detach it from the remainder of the sentence, relegating that remainder whence it came to the limbo of philanthropist clichés which have nothing whatever to do with the drama as drama, there are underlying possibilities so broad and comprehensive that no reason is apparent why there should not be a good deal more.

The speakers at the meeting were obviously oppressed by the vagueness of record and project alike—apart, of course, from that incorrigible optimist, Lord Howard de Walden, who presided, and the Bishop of Birmingham, who, noting the oppressiveness, made of his speech all kindly encouragement for his colleagues. The vagueness was peculiarly noticeable through the absence of that favourite *raison d'être* for these reformative societies, the production of plays, upon which it is expressly stated the League has no intention of embarking. The nine minor methods already planned by the Committee to ensure that the object of the League shall at least sound practical were dwelt upon at greater length than was warranted; considerable anxiety was shown, as a matter of fact, to explain that one solitary year is not a long enough period to enable a society of this nature to justify its existence. The anxiety became a little pathetic when any straw of definite fact was caught hold of which might help to prove the new tributary of reforming zeal a profitable sort of stream. It was not difficult, moreover, to detect in the speakers a secret wish that there might have been just one or two productions to expand upon. Most likely it will be a surprise to them, and a reassurance for the Committee generally, to learn that the interest of the bulk of the audience survived the meeting precisely and entirely because of that vagueness. It is the one reason, indeed, which deprives the critic, at least for the time being, of any right to demand that the British Drama League should submit itself to the process of amalgamation which, sooner or later, promises to be the only way of salvation for nine out of ten of the groups appointed to save the theatre from a sordid fate, if they would avoid an ignominious fate for themselves.

Vagueness may occasionally be a sign of resource, and it is more likely to be one in a movement that concerns itself with the drama. Miss Lena Ashwell ventured to forecast with detail and insight the critical phase upon which the theatre is now entering; and even the unimaginative may grant the plausibility of the recent *braggadocio* of an American film-agent, that by 1925 the last of the London theatres will have been converted to a cinema house. The new light which the recent Marconi experiment with the voice of Melba has cast upon the future of entertainment may not be altogether unfavourable to the theatre, but it is pretty certain that not one of the

drama-societies whose policy is already cut and dried will be able to meet the demands of the crisis with anything like the adequacy of a league whose policy is expressed only incidentally by definite schemes. Should the time come when the legitimate art of the theatre is hustled out by the much more profitable and wholly illegitimate art of the film, there will be ample work for every society, incorporated or separate; and the fact of the war-time monopoly of our theatres by the "revue" answers those who say that so long as there is a public which desires the drama it will necessarily be forthcoming. But the society whose policy has not been restricted to play-producing will have the most important work of all. What that work will be it is at present only possible vaguely to indicate.

There was given to the meeting an item of information particularly suggestive in this respect, and Mr. Geoffrey Whitworth, the League's hon. secretary, was thoroughly justified in taking more heart by it than from any other feature of the afternoon. A letter from a London Mayor stated that he was at the present moment endeavouring to arrange a conference of his fellow Mayors in the Metropolitan area to discuss the possibilities of establishing civic theatres in the various districts over which they preside. In conjunction with it may be considered the League's report of an interview with the Education Minister, who favourably received the proposal that State grants be made towards the expenditure of local efforts in this direction. It is not difficult to realize that, with wisdom and foresight, the work will quickly be divested of all vagueness. In the British Drama League there is, consequently, at this early stage the nucleus of an organization that, in the time of crisis, may not only be able to wield a powerful influence, but may have to its credit a considerable and unique achievement. Mr. Granville Barker laid stress on certain of the League's tentative proposals which are calculated eventually to assist not merely in the salvation of the theatre, but in definitely establishing it as a possession of the community.

It is the essentially communal nature of the theatre that justifies Miss Ashwell's optimism, even though the triumph of the cinema house should materialize according to prediction. The cinema, with its absence of human relationship between audience and performer, has no communal value; the seed of its decay will be part of its prosperity. This will not, however, prevent it from being thrust on the public more and more, and the predominant effort of the League may well be directed immediately toward the prospect of a non-commercial drama for the moment when the public returns sickened of a one-dimensional and solitary entertainment which must eventually become as insipid to normal humans as are solitary drinking and solitary smoking.

It was left to Mr. William Archer to point to the supreme importance in this respect of municipal theatres, as distinguished from a national theatre. The formation of groups of students of the drama in village and town; the maintenances of studios for research, a bureau of information, and a "clearing-house for good plays"; the promotion of local repertory theatres, and improvement in the standard of professional acting; the recognition of the drama as an educational subject in schools and universities—these are admirable proposals, so long as there is nothing about them to remind us of almsgiving, and worthy of the greatest possible encouragement. And yet, valuable as they will prove in conjunction with what should be the main policy of any really progressive drama league whose activities are political, they can be achieved outside it. The commercial theatre could, if it inclined in that direction, deal quite efficiently with the majority of them. But no commercialism, in this or any other sphere of existence, will concern itself with a movement whose fundamental principle is establishment for communal use.

T. M.

OLD FURNITURE

COURT THEATRE.—"The Old House." By Richard Pryce.

IT would almost seem as if Miss Gertrude Elliott and Mr. Richard Pryce had reverted in a pessimistic moment to the Elizabethan principle, "When in doubt, play a ghost"; for the Spirit of a certain Old House comes in very usefully at the Court Theatre. A play which Mr. Pryce has based on Mrs. Henry Dudeney's novel "Candlelight" is at present being performed with Miss Elliott in the leading part; and during the opening scene, which takes place on a staircase, the ghost intercepts, not in any unkindly fashion, the lady who is about to pay one of her surreptitious visits to the man who is betrothed to her husband's sister. The scene might have had a certain amount of impressiveness had not Shakespeare commenced one of his masterpieces with a device not altogether dissimilar, its least significant difference lying in that it is the ghost who is intercepted, while the difference of larger significance is that, whereas in Mr. Pryce's opening we are promised nothing more than the customary amount of sordidness stretched over three acts, in "Hamlet" we are already caught into the intoxicating atmosphere of a master-craftsman's sureness in a miserably incompetent and uncertain world.

But Mr. Pryce is not only unfortunate in having come several centuries after Shakespeare. Had his play been put before the public some time earlier in the present decade it might have gained the credit of novelty in at least one respect. The woman who has been confronted by the ghost (to give plausibility in these days to such a circumstance it is indicated that she had been a clairvoyant before marriage!) works herself into such a state of neurosis before the end of the play that she resolves to reveal to her husband her relationship with the other man. The Spirit of the House strongly advises her to take herself in hand and refrain; but she is obdurate. She is thereupon thrown into a trance so that she may see for herself what the consequences will be. The "dream" scene is worked out on what have now become hackneyed lines, but it is less slickly presented than were its predecessors. And as there have been so many predecessors we feel that Mr. Pryce ought to permit this particular piece of stage-trickery to be relegated into respectable retirement at the same time as he dismisses the ghost (as well as a dummy baby) back to the dustiest corner of the property room.

It is difficult to deal seriously from most standpoints with a play of the type of "The Old House." The sentiment is obnoxious: we are actually asked to give approval to a prospective bride who states that she has no right whatever to know anything or demand anything concerning the sexual history of her lover before she met him! The imaginative quality of the play is, as we have seen, quite negligible; and the craftsmanship equally so—at one point two characters obligingly stay in the garden for a full quarter-hour after they have been called to breakfast, in order that they might be discussed in the presence of the audience. Miss Elliott's acting was of the conventional emotional type, but so well-sustained as to become unbearable. Miss Clare Greet gave an excellent little sketch of a drunken old village drab, and we are not quite sure that this was not the most worthy feature in the whole performance. Its rich comedy flavours recalled the best work a few years ago of Mrs. A. B. Tapping and Miss Ada King.

T. M.

PROFESSOR SIR JOHN CADMAN (University of Birmingham), Mr. W. B. Hardy (Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge), and Professor Sydney Young (Trinity College, Dublin) have been appointed by an Order of Council dated June 24 to be members of the Advisory Council to the Committee of the Privy Council for Scientific and Industrial Research.

Correspondence

THE RELIEF OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I think you will know that during the past term an appeal has been made to the British Universities on behalf of the Universities of Central Europe. Each University has taken it up in its own way, in some cases the student bodies, in other cases the senior members taking the lead. At Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Manchester and elsewhere strong committees have been formed representing all elements, official and unofficial. In every case the organization that has come into existence is to be carried over into next term.

Meanwhile it seems right to put the appeal before a wider public equally interested in the fate of some of the chief centres of European civilization.

The outstanding facts on which the appeal is based are summarized in three leaflets, dealing principally with Vienna. The first efforts at relief have been concentrated on that University, partly because of its exceptional need, partly because of its unique position as a centre of learning for South-Eastern Europe, and partly because the organization for administering the relief was already in existence. This is the Friends' Relief Mission in Vienna, which, in the case of the students, has had the co-operation of the Student Christian Movement, and, in the case of the professors, of the official representatives of Great Britain in Vienna.

The leaflets state also the specific purposes for which money is being raised; at the present moment the most urgent requests are for breakfasts for the students and for clothing for the professors. The depth of the distress can hardly be exaggerated, and some of the greatest names in European scholarship and science are among the sufferers. No one who has seen the evidence can doubt the misery that has come upon them at the close of their careers.

I would ask you then to bring the appeal to the notice of your readers and to tell them that the leaflets can be obtained in any quantities from the Hon. Secretary, Friends' Emergency and War Victims Relief Committee, 27, Chancery Lane, W.C.2, to whom also contributions may be sent, earmarked "Universities."

Yours faithfully,

A. RUTH FRY,

Hon. Secretary.

THE COST OF BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—My letter to you, published in THE ATHENÆUM for June 25, has brought me a couple of protests from provincial booksellers.

As one of my correspondents points out one inference which may fairly be drawn from my letter, and which he states is false, I beg the hospitality of your columns to, if necessary, correct a wrong impression.

My correspondent states that the "majoration" which French publishers stamp on their books is not applicable only to countries such as ours, where the exchange is adverse to France, but that the Frenchman pays it as well. If I am wrong, I am sorry, but submit that the main conclusion as to the advisability at present of buying abroad is unaffected.

My correspondent adds that the system of differentiating the "majoration" to different countries is, however, in vogue in Germany. I purposely refrained from any reference to German books because I buy few, and have no precise knowledge of the "majoration."

The German publisher, so far as my admittedly limited experience goes, does not stamp his books plainly with the "majoration," but, to justify the price I was called on to pay for a book on the "Einstein" Theory early in this year, it would have to have been over 1,000 per cent. on the published rate of exchange at the time!

The plain fact is, many booksellers have been trading on public ignorance, and I am sure others beside myself will be grateful to you for having published my letter.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

RICHARD COOPER.

49, Tregunter Road, S.W.10.

BRITISH MONUMENTAL ARCHITECTURE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I have been out of England for eight years, and on my return to this incomparable London, the most interesting question that appealed to me was, Will there now be a true expression of the British spirit in monumental architecture worthy of the imperturbable bravery of the race during the war horror? I was shown the Edith Cavell monument, and the unspeakable futility of the thing seemed quite inconceivable to me. Where, oh where had I seen the home of this kind of art? Memory stirred, and I was walking the rows of "sleepy Chester," pausing for refreshment at Bolland's shop, world famous as designers of royal wedding cakes. This may be unkind to the worthy Bolland, but it must be said in the cause of humanity, let alone our great Empire.

Why appeal for funds to preserve Westminster Abbey? If New Britain wants the monumental art of the Cavell Memorial, why the Abbey? Our people would "have no use for it, in fact they will not require it," except for sentimental purposes, real sentiment being an unknown quantity to-day.

Faithfully yours,

PERCY W. DARBYSHIRE.

British Empire Club,
12, St. James' Square, S.W.

THOMAS LARKHAM OF "THE WEDDING SUPPER"

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—The Boston Athenæum Library is very anxious to obtain a photograph of the frontispiece portrait which appeared in two works by Thomas Larkham. One bears the title "The Wedding Supper," published in London in 1652, the portrait engraved by T. Cross. The other volume has the title "The Attributes of God," and was printed in London in 1656. These works are mentioned in Lowndes and in the "D.N.B." Mr. Sharp of the British Museum writes me that there is no portrait in the Library copy.

I shall be very grateful for reference to a copy of either of these works containing the portrait from which the owner might allow a photograph to be taken. Larkham lived for a time in New England, and is, therefore, of interest to historical students.

Very truly yours,

C. K. BOLTON,

Librarian.

Boston Athenæum, Mass.

June 18, 1920.

THE MUSIC OF INTROSPECTION

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—May I quote from a suggestive passage on Beethoven by Dr. Hubert Parry? He says:

Like most artists whose spur is more in themselves than in natural artistic facilities, he was very slow to come to any artistic achievement. It is almost a law of things that men whose artistic personality is very strong, and who touch the world by the greatness and the power of their expression, come to maturity comparatively late, and sometimes grow greater all through their lives—so it was with Bach, Gluck, Beethoven, and Wagner—while men whose aims are more purely artistic, and whose main spur is facility of diction, come to the point of production early, and do not grow much afterwards.

Is not this an illuminating commentary upon the interesting discussion between Mr. Dent and your correspondents?

The implications in the employment of "diction" by Parry reach to the uttermost ends of arts. The word is borrowed from literature, poetry, which necessarily remains master of all other arts in making the unintelligible intelligible. Upon the word "diction" hinges the distinction between what I ventured to term "subjective" and "objective" art. Facile manipulation of the medium of expression enables a minor artist to resemble superficially a great artist. It enables him to express in the manner of an objective artist ideas independent of his personal experience in life, but he is confined to such intuitions as have already been expressed in art. The truly great artist, like Beethoven, whose perceptions reach beyond his powers of expression, finds that

his imagination is confined, or at least checked, by experiences that are subjective in the emotional sense. Growing control of "diction" releases it for wider flight, and the development of the great artist might be described as the outreaching of his imagination into the ideal world of objective reality. This sounds very abstruse, but it means simply that great art must contain a personal vision of impersonal truth.

Yours faithfully,

R. L. MÈGROZ.

440, Camden Road, N.7.

THEODOR FONTANE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The review of my study of Theodor Fontane appearing in your issue of June 18 calls for many counter-observations on my part. I shall endeavour to confine myself to the major points.

The reviewer complains of a "curiously un-English, ungrammatical, and irritating style." To condemn a style as "un-English" and "ungrammatical" without adducing examples to justify the judgment is scarcely fair to the writer; it is also easy for him who passes judgment. The reviewer finds the style "irritating." That is a purely personal matter, but I suggest that it may have something to do with his misrepresentation, doubtless wholly unconscious, of the nature of the book. He avers that I have fallen between a popular presentation and a critical exposition of the novelist. The popular side of the book lies for him in the outline plots, furnished in the case of each novel; but I am unable to conceive how one is any more able to criticize a novel without a knowledge of the plot than a play in ignorance of the argument. Without giving any further reason for his use of the word "popular," the reviewer passes to the "heavy critical" matter. He accuses me of having drawn up a "formula for novel-writing into which, one after another, he attempts to fit Fontane's works." No such attempt was made. I endeavoured, quite justifiably, to ascertain what differences in the nature and construction of the novels would appear when these were examined according to certain fixed methods. The reviewer asserts that I have neglected "the broader aspect of Fontane's genius"; and his review is fashioned to support this dictum. By ignoring my estimate of the author's ability in the delineation of character—I instance one point out of many that constitute the greater part of the book—he gives the impression that I have occupied myself wholly with details. Nevertheless, although these details have obsessed him so completely, he would not appear to have understood their place and their value in the critical examination of a novel. Thus he complains "we are heartily tired of hearing . . . that there is a plentiful (or the reverse) use . . . of asterisks to mark divisions between chapters." In the meaning which the reader will attach to the words, asterisks do not "mark divisions between chapters"; and the reviewer has failed to appreciate the fact that I have endeavoured throughout to throw light on the peculiar significance of the use of asterisks in the particular instances where they appear. I may be allowed one last quotation from the review: "The man who cares for the essential points of critical appreciation would not bother his head much, if at all, with the question whether chapter-headings were present or absent, or what was the proportion of foreign to native words." I can only regret that the reviewer can see nothing in investigating the appositeness of chapter-headings, when he must have remarked how widely schools of novelists have differed in their attitude toward them. And to most lovers of the novel the composition and characteristics of the author's vocabulary have never been indifferent. In conclusion may I say that I set out to examine Fontane's work as a student of the novel, not merely to discover what things would interest me and therefore, possibly, others? It is undoubtedly more picturesque, and not infrequently more simple, to confine oneself to the "broader aspects of genius."

Yours faithfully,

KENNETH HAYENS.

THE medal for the encouragement of Italian studies was presented to Mr. G. M. Trevelyan for his work on Garibaldi by Sir F. G. Kenyon, on behalf of the British Academy, before Sir Rennell Rodd's lecture (see p. 63). This is the first year of the award of the medal, which was founded by Mr. Serena.

Foreign Literature

JULIEN BENDA

BELPHÉGOR, Par Julien Benda. (Paris, Emile-Paul. 5fr.50.)

ONE shrinks from the abruptness and exclusiveness of such a phrase as: "M. Benda is the only exponent of common sense in the France of our moment"; yet amid the vast clutter of pastries which the French literary cuisine presents to the inquiring stranger it might seem unnecessarily difficult to find any other solid joint, or indeed any other *pièce-de-résistance*, if one may be pardoned so ticklish a metaphor.

The prevalent French disease is defined, fairly clearly, in the opening of Schopenhauer's essay on style: the amassment of indefinite words by those who must, or who wish to fill paper, without any clear idea, or without daring or desiring to expose what they really think. The descent of Bergsonism and Pragmatism from a philosophic occultation of the doctrine that *appears* = *is*, into the belief that any wheeze that works is God's verity offers a great solace to democracy and a great convenience to democratic governments as we know them. That is to say, it gives them the solace of self-expression. Nothing is more symptomatic of the era than a distaste for "mediæval" precision, i.e., precise definition by words; or the corresponding desire to lump incompatibles and obscure border lines. The modern philosopher prefers to use one word instead of two distinct words *passes* and *lasts*. The harder-headed among us have been content with a sort of silent distaste for certain phenomena in contemporary Parisian literature; which is, after all, very easy to avoid in London, where there is no very great sale of any French publications. No English critic has attacked, because in the first place he has not felt it his business, and in the second he has not felt, perhaps, sufficiently sure of his ground; and there are, Heaven knows, evils enough nearer home.

Benda has passed from "Bergsonisme, ou une Philosophie de la Mobilité," to an analysis "Sur le Succès du Bergsonisme," and thence, via "Les Sentiments de Critias," to "Belphegor." M. Benda has a beautiful instrument; beautiful in neatness as a surgeon's instruments may be beautiful—utilitarian possibly—and it is very pleasant to watch him cut from Wm. James precisely the passage where Mr. James elevates a simple psychological observation into a philosophic generality—along the line "Self-confidence is sometimes an aid" into "A man who thinks he can swallow a whale will ultimately become capable of so doing" (at least in the subjective universe).

And if Wm. James is "subjective," it is no less pleasant to watch M. Benda operating on Bergson at just the point where Bergson is being most journalistically democratic, and possibly most in sympathy with that really undesirable person Sainte-Beuve, apropos the idea that "Il n'y a pas d'idée philosophique, si profonde ou si subtile soit-elle, que ne puisse et ne *doive* s'exprimer dans la langue de tout le monde."

The more recent "Belphegor" with its analysis of the kindred diseases of journalism, mysticism, subjectivity, in their various somewhat inflated exponents—Barrès, Bourget, Claudel, the later Maeterlinck, Colette—coming definitely to literature and the æsthetic of writing, has greater personal interest for writers. The mellowness and patience of the work are such that one is averse from trying to "convey the general drift of the book" by brief summary. It is indeed just this reviewer's custom of "conveying the general drift" of books that contributes largely to our French cousins' undoing.

M. Benda has made a very moderate attack on some over-estimated contemporary celebrities; he has "attacked"

vices, not persons; he has proceeded with a patience of analysis for which I can cite no contemporary parallel north of the Channel. He has caused a certain belated outcry; all somewhat unpopular books have their outcries belated, in accordance with the functioning of the reportorial machine. When M. Benda himself tries, in the *Figaro*, to sum up his tendencies—if, indeed, such was his intention—he is hardly fair to himself. We find:

Les principes romantiques, posés il y a cent ans par des hommes tout empétrés d'éducation classique et incapables donc de les pousser à fond, trouvent aujourd'hui seulement leur expansion totale. On peut dire qu'avec tels de nos coryphées, nous tenons le romantisme intégral.

This excites the parallel reflection that democracy as conceived by Thomas Jefferson was very possibly a democracy composed largely of Thomas Jeffersons—an unfortunately unrealizable ideal, but the detached sentence from the *Figaro* does not give any idea of the thoroughness with which, or even of the firm gentleness with which, M. Benda examines "l'esthétique de la présente société française" in "Belphegor," a "most enjoyable book." And in it those pages where M. Benda discusses the desire for the "émouvant," the desire for "elementary states of soul," the desire for the expression of "soi-même," the desire for lack of organization, are by no means those of least interest.

B. L.

IDEALISM AND VICTORY

DOPO LA VITTORIA. By Giovanni Gentile. (Rome, La Voce. 8 lire.)

POLITICA ED ECONOMIA. By Umberto Ricci. (Rome, La Voce. 6 lire.)

PAPERS written under the influence of the war have a way of losing their savour with remarkable rapidity. Only the best of them seem able to retain their vitality and withstand the test of republication. These utterances of Professor Gentile come out of the ordeal as well as any we have seen. Whether he is discussing the moral crisis produced by the war, the real import of victory, the monarchical idea or the lessons of the first Christmas of peace, the point of view never varies. Professor Gentile has been somewhat thrust into the shade by Croce's overpowering personality, but his rank as a thinker is by now securely established among all those who are acquainted with his work.

To Professor Gentile the downfall of Germany means the disappearance of the last vestiges of the Renaissance, with its intensely individual outlook on life. Machiavelli was, of course, the most uncompromising exponent of the Renaissance point of view. By "virtù" the individual might overcome the circumstances by which fortune had limited his activities, and "virtù" was conditioned by no moral restrictions. The war has ended in the triumph of those moral values which the Germany of William II. sought to trample under foot, in the overthrow of the system which is not conditioned by an ideal, but creates it. Nor can the German people make the Kaiser their scapegoat. In occasional details he may have succeeded in overriding the will of his people, but the main outlines of the policy of a great modern nation can only be in accordance with the will of the people as a whole.

In "Politica e Filosofia" the Professor shows that, for the modern subjective idealism, Philosophy and Politics can no longer be kept apart. Even the historian is not concerned with the problems of the past, except in so far as they are alive to him and to his own generation. It is not the Dante who died in 1321 who interests us now, but so much of him as we are able to bring to life in ourselves by bridging the centuries that separate his work from us.

Professor Gentile draws an interesting parallel between the old classical, naturalistic philosophy, in which the

objects of thought existed outside the mind of man, and the period of Italian decadence between the sixteenth and the eighteenth centuries, when religion was to the Italian something presupposed and external, instead of being a product of the spirit. Like politics, it was something revealed and interpreted, something formal which the individual had merely to accept as if it were a law of nature, and which no man of sense sought to judge or criticize. Not till the first stirrings of the Risorgimento did these forms recover their life, becoming realities that played an active part in the spirit of man. Similarly the war has proved that Italy was not what she seemed—that the old systems and the men who embodied them did not really represent the country. She has gained in self-respect and self-confidence, and should at last be able to set about the task of internal reform. "A great thirst for justice and light, such as is now tormenting Italy, as it is every other country that has suffered in its struggle towards a great future, is not an evil, but a good."

Professor Gentile insists on clear thinking in his controversy with Missirotti. He will have no confusion between "Liberal" and "Socialist." If the Socialists come into power, he will welcome them, but they must remain Socialist. The one condition upon which he insists as a Liberal is that the State shall be preserved.

The State contains the classes, as it contains the individuals, and can be the product neither of their sum nor of their struggle. The State, as spirit or idea, excludes from itself no possibility and realizes them all, but in the gradual, logical process of history. This is preservation, but also innovation.

Of this lack of clear thinking he gives numerous instances from the writings of President Wilson, trying in vain to extract from them a consistent system, though he admits that in practice there is no reason why the President's influence should be weakened by this want of clearness; but it may help to explain some of the results of the Peace Conference. It is obvious that Professor Gentile does not consider that Italy has been fairly treated by the Conference.

L. C.-M.

THE ITALIAN PROBLEM

Is there an Italian problem? If there is, it could not be more simple, according to Sir Rennell Rodd, since it amounts to this, that Italy and England do not know each other well enough. And in the Italian lecture before the British Academy he set himself to solve it by endeavouring to help us to understand the Italian. No English diplomatist of recent years has, we believe, done more to bring the two nations together, and it is a pity that circumstances prevented this from being the inaugural lecture of the series. Sir Rennell warned us that we must no longer approach Italy as sentimental travellers, and then proceeded to sketch the story of the long succession of peoples who have left their stamp on the various districts. Hence we find the practical, go-ahead Lombard, centring in Milan, which is in many ways the head and heart of the country; the Genoese, who retains much of the self-seeking independence of the old merchant adventurer; the gentle, art-loving Tuscan; the revolutionary Romagnol; the Roman, a little supercilious, still at heart the *terrarium dominus*; the Sicilian and Calabrian, who owe their patient fatalism and other characteristics to their Oriental strain; and the happy-go-lucky Neapolitan, "the most lovable of men when you get to know him." A monarchy is the only form of government that could hold together elements so diverse. Italians, as a whole, are endowed with a hatred of injustice and a common sense combined with cautiousness that make a serious revolution unthinkable. Sir Rennell illustrated the strange mixture of idealism and materialism that we find in them by St. Francis and Machiavelli and Dante. But it was their idealism that carried them into the war. Speaking from personal knowledge, he said that if we realized what Italy had suffered, how she had spent more than the whole of her pre-war wealth on the struggle, the tone of our press towards her would often be very different.

The Week's Books

Asterisks are used to indicate those books which are considered to be most interesting to the general reader.

PHILOSOPHY.

- Smith (W. Whately). *The Foundations of Spiritualism*. 7½x4½. 134 pp. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.
 *Whitehead (A. N.). *The Concept of Nature: Tarner Lectures*. 8½x5½. 210 pp. Cambridge Univ. Press, 14/ n.

RELIGION.

- *Cadbury (Henry J.). *The Style and Literary Method of Luke*. 9½x6½. 72 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 5/6 n.
 Higgins (E. C.). *Concerning Man's Conception of God: a Sermon*. 7x5. 15 pp. Guildford, A. C. Curtis, 6d. n.
 *Marriott (G. L.). *Macarii Anecdota: Seven Unpublished Homilies of Macarius*. 9½x6½. 48 pp. Harvard Univ. Press (Milford), 5/6 n.
Records of Missionary Secretaries. 7½x5. 79 pp. United Council for Missionary Education, 1/6 n.
 Sadler (Gilbert T.). *The Inner Meanings of the Four Gospels*. 7½x5½. 106 pp. Daniel, 3/6 n.
 Webb (M. R.). *The Church and the People; or, Is England a Christian Country?* 7½x5. 116 pp. National Labour Press, 2/ n.
 Young (P. N. F.). and Ferrers (Agnes). *India in Conflict*. 7x5. 153 pp. S.P.C.K. 3/6 n.

SOCIOLOGY AND POLITICS.

- Cazal (Edmond). *Le Mariage Stérile et le Divorce*. 7½x4½. 16 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 1fr.50.
 Harris (John H.). *The Chartered Millions: Rhodesia and the Challenge to the British Commonwealth*. 8½x5½. 320 pp. Swarthmore Press, 15/ n.
 Herbert (S.). *Fundamentals in Sexual Ethics: an Enquiry into Modern Tendencies*. 8x5½. 358 pp. Black, 12/6 n.
 Rolland (Romain). *The Forerunners*. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 8½x5½. 216 pp. Allen & Unwin, 8/6 n.
 Scott (J. W.). *Karl Marx on Value*. 9x5½. 54 pp. Black, 3/6 n.

PHILOLOGY.

- Barker (J. A.). *Present-Day Commercial French Correspondence*. 7½x5. 96 pp. Routledge, 2/6 n.
 *Mercer (Samuel A. B.). *Ethiopic Grammar, with Chrestomathy and Glossary*. 7½x5. 116 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 7/6 n.
 *Modern Greek Manual for Self-Tuition. 7½x5. 150 pp. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.
 Muqtadir (Maulavi Abdul). *Catalogue of the Arabic and Persian Manuscripts in the Oriental Public Library at Bankipore: Vol. VI. History*. 9½x6. 223 pp. Patra, Superintendent Government Printing.
 *Samson (D. N.). *English into French: Five Thousand English Locutions rendered into Idiomatic French*. 8x5½. 216 pp. Milford, 12/6 n.
 Uhrström (W.). *Pickpocket, Turnkey, Wrap-Rascal, and Similar Formations in English: a Semasiological Study*. 8x5. 80 pp. Stockholm, Magn. Bergvall. Kr.4.50.

NATURAL SCIENCE.

- *Sampson (Ralph Allen). *On Gravitation and Reality: being the Halley Lecture delivered on June 12, 1920*. 9x5½. 24 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 2/ n.
 Skinner (Ada M. and Eleanor L.). *Stories for the Nature Hour*. 7½x5½. 253 pp. Harrap, 5/ n.

USEFUL ARTS.

- *Saintsbury (George). *Notes on a Cellar-Book*. 7x5½. 249 pp. Macmillan, 7/6 n.

FINE ARTS.

- Charm of the Etcher's Art, Part II, with 12 reproductions of recent plates by various artists*. 14x16½. The Studio, 7/6 n.

LITERATURE.

- Breton (André) et Soupault (Philippe). *Les Champs Magnétiques*. 7½x5½. 118 pp. Paris, Au Sans Pareil, 5fr.
 De Porto-Riche (Georges). *Anatomie Sentimentale: Pages Préférées*. 7½x4½. 452 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 8fr.

Filippi (L.). *La Poesia di G. A. Bürger*, 7½x4½. 135 pp. Florence, L. Battistelli, L.4.

***Fiske (George Converse).** *Lucilius and Horace: a Study in the Classical Theory of Imitation*. 9½x6½. 524 pp. Wisconsin Univ., Madison, \$2.50.

Jones (H. S. V.). *Spenser's Defense of Lord Grey (University of Illinois Studies in Language and Literature, vol. v, no. 3)*. 10½x7. 75 pp. Graduate School, Urbana, Ill., \$1.

***Ker (William Paton).** *The Art of Poetry*. Inaugural lecture delivered before the University of Oxford, June 5, 1920. 9x5½. 20 pp. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1/6 n.

***Muddiman (Bernard).** *The Men of the Nineties*. 7½x5½. 146 pp. Danielson, 6/ n.

***Smith (Logan Pearsall).** *Little Essays drawn from the Writings of George Santayana, with the Collaboration of the Author*. 9x5½. 301 pp. Constable, 12/6 n.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Barclay (Sir Thomas). *Les Tribulations d'une Conscience Impériale: Fantaisie Dramatique*. 7½x4½. 288 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 7fr.

***Bottomley (Gordon).** *King Lear's Wife; and Other Plays*. 8½x6½. 210 pp. Constable, 15/ n.

Draper (Brenda Murray). *The Dales of Derbyshire; and Other Poems*. 7½x5. 50 pp. The Author, Braesyde, Newton Road, Burton-on-Trent, 3/6 n.

Henslow (T. Geoffrey W.). *Poems to Women*. 7½x5. 50 pp. Bridge & Co., 92, Chancery Lane, 1/6 n.

Sterling (W. Edward) and Hayes (Alfred). *The Mayflower: a Play of the Pilgrim Fathers. With a Foreword by Dr. Rendel Harris*. 8x5. 92 pp. Mills & Boon, 2/6 n.

FICTION.

***Bagnold (Enid).** *The Happy Foreigner*. 7½x5. 269 pp. Heinemann, 7/6 n.

***Bertrand (Louis).** *L'Infante*. 7½x4½. 410 pp. Paris, Fayard, 6fr.50.

Bourges (Elemiro). *El Crepúsculo de los Dioses. Prologo de V. Blasco Ibañez*. 7½x5. 338 pp. Valencia, Prometeo, 3pes.

Fletcher (J. S.). *The Orange-Yellow Diamond*. 7x4½. 262 pp. Newnes, 2/ n.

***Forster (E. M.).** *The Story of the Siren*. 9½x6. 14 pp. Hogarth Press, 2/6 n.

Hamilton (Cosmo). *His Friend and his Wife*. 7½x4½. 252 pp. Hurst & Blackett, 7/6 n.

Hellens (Franz). *Mélusine*. 7½x5. 317 pp. Paris, La Voile Rouge.

Horn (Kate). *Who's that a-Calling?* 7½x4½. 254 pp. Stanley Paul, 7/6 n.

Kelston (Beatrice). *Bertha in the Background*. 8x5½. 331 pp. Long, 7/ n.

Leighton (Marie Connor). *The Girl of the Yellow Diamonds*. 6½x4½. 253 pp. Pearson, 2/ n.

Mordaunt (Elinor). *The Little Soul*. 7½x4½. 328 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.

Pottecher (Maurice). *Les Joyeux Contes de la Cigogne d'Alsace et autres bien Honnêtes Histoires*. 7½x4½. 312 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 7fr.

Stock (Ralph). *Beach Comings: South Sea Stories*. 6½x4½. 250 pp. Pearson, 2/ n.

***Tchehov (Anton).** *My Life; and Other Stories*. Translated by S. S. Kotliansky and Gilbert Cannan. 7½x5. 251 pp. Daniel, 7/ n.

Webb (Mary). *The House in Dormer Forest*. 7½x4½. 292 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.

Williamson (C. N. and A. M.). *The Dummy Hand*. 7½x4½. 261 pp. Hutchinson, 8/6 n.

GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES.

***Boyer (A. M.), Rapson (E. J.) and Senart (E.).** *Kharosthi Inscriptions, discovered by Sir Aurel Stein in Chinese Turkestan: Part I. Text of Inscriptions discovered at the Niya Site, 1901*. 13½x10. 153 pp. il. Oxford, Clarendon Press, 36/ n.

***Campbell (H. F.).** *Caithness and Sutherland*. 7x4½. 178 pp. il. Cambridge Univ. Press, 4/6 n.

Clay (Albert J.). *Neo-Babylonian Letters from Erech (Yale Oriental Series, Babylonian Texts, Vol. III.)*. 11½x8½. 25 pp. 76 pl. Yale Univ. Press, Milford, 21/ n.

***Cowley (A. E.).** *The Hittites (Sweich Lectures, 1918)*. 10x6. 102 pp. il. Milford, 6/ n.

***Learmonth (William).** *Kirkcudbrightshire and Wigtownshire*. 7x4½. 159 pp. il. Cambridge Univ. Press, 4/6 n.

Masters (Henry and Walter E.). *In Wild Rhodesia*. 7½x4½. 246 pp. il. Griffiths, 6/ n.

***Stendhal.** *Rome, Naples et Florence. Texte établi et annoté par D. Muller, préface de Charles Maurras*. 2 vols. 9x5½. 492, 512 pp. Paris, Champion, 40fr.

BIOGRAPHY.

***Arbelet (Paul).** *La Jeunesse de Stendhal*. 2 vols. 9x5½. 421, 244 pp. Paris, Champion, 30fr.

Bell (William). *A Scavenger in France: being Extracts from the Diary of an Architect, 1917-1919*. 8½x5½. 376 pp. Daniel, 10/6 n.

***Gorky (Maxim).** *Reminiscences of Leo Nicolayevitch Tolstoi. Authorized translation from the Russian by S. S. Kotliansky and Leonard Woolf*. 7½x5. 71 pp. Hogarth Press, 5/ n.

***Recouly (Raymond).** *Foch: his Character and Leadership*. 8½x5½. 267 pp. il. Fisher Unwin, 12/6 n.

Rickards (Edith C.). *Bishop Moorhouse of Melbourne and Manchester*. 8½x5½. 282 pp. il. Murray, 14/ n.

Smellie (Alexander). *Evan Henry Hopkins: a Memoir*. 8½x5½. 228 pp. il. Marshall, 6/ n.

***Who Was Who:** a companion to "Who's Who," containing the biographies of those who died during the period 1897-1916. 8½x5½. 789 pp. Black, 21/ n.

HISTORY.

Prentout (Henri). *Histoire d'Angleterre depuis les origines jusqu'en 1919*. 7½x5. 1200 pp. Hachette, 25fr.

WAR.

***Gauvain (Auguste).** *L'Europe au Jour le Jour. Tome VIII. La Guerre Européenne*. 10x6½. 486 pp. Paris, Bossard, 12fr.

Mermeix. *Le Commandement Unique: Première Partie. Foch et les Armées d'Occident*. 7½x4½. 272 pp. Paris, Ollendorff, 7fr.

Mügge (Maximilian A.). *The War Diary of a Square Peg. With a Dictionary of War Words*. 8½x5½. Routledge, 236 pp. 10/6 n.

Walbrook (H. M.). *Hove and the Great War: a Record and a Review*. 7½x5. 202 pp. il. Hove, Cliftonville Press, 3/6 n.

PERIODICALS.

American Oxonian, July. Concord, New Hampshire, 5/ yearly.

Anglo-Italian Review, June-July. Constable, 1/6 n.

Bulletin of the Imperial Institute, October-December, 1919. Murray, 2/6 n.

Devon and Cornwall Notes and Queries, July. Exeter, Commis, 10/ yearly.

Fortnightly Review, July. Chapman & Hall, 4/ n.

Forum, Mai. Potsdam, Kiepenheuer, 4m.

Groot-Nederland, Juli. Amsterdam, Van Holkema & Warendorf, 2fr.50.

International Review of Missions, July. Milford, 3/ n.

London Quarterly Review, July. Epworth Press, 2/6 n.

***Psychic Research Quarterly**, no. 1, July. Kegan Paul, 3/6 n.

Science Progress, July. Murray, 6/ n.

Socialist Review, July-September. I.L.P., 1/ n.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

***Butler (Samuel).** *Luck or Cunning, as the Main Means of Organic Modification?* 2nd ed. 7½x5. 282 pp. Fiefield, 8/6 n.

***Butler (Samuel).** *Unconscious Memory: with an Introduction and Postscript by Prof. Marcus Hartog*. 3rd ed. 7½x5. 226 pp. Fiefield, 8/6 n.

***Moore (George).** *Esther Waters: an English Story*. 7½x5. 415 pp. Heinemann, 7/6 n.

Norris (Kathleen). *The Heart of Rachael*. 6½x4½. 316 pp. Murray, 2/ n.

GOVERNMENT PUBLICATION.

New Zealand Official Year-Book, 1919. 8½x5½. 981 pp. Wellington, N.Z., M. F. Marks, Government Printer.